D71600

MAYFAIR

£1.20 Vol. 20 No. 8

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

The Sun's proud virgin undresses for us

Your unique opportunity

Win a £4750 super-bike

SEE PAGES 48-49

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

NORTH AMERICA $3.50

AUSTRIA 65 A. SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 475 PTAS
DENMARK 28.00 KR
FINLAND 20.50 FM
FRANCE 32.50 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 8.90 FL
ITALY 6.400 L
NORWAY 29.50 KR
SPAIN 450 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

0 08
56698 71600

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 20 No. 8

ABC net paid circulation 355,118

Joyful June, page 51.

Well-bred Rolls, page 62.

CONTENTS

			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
Courage in the Clouds:	The early balloon pioneers	*Graham Chainey*	44
Just a Little Loco:	All aboard the Kent and East Sussex Light Railway	*Hugh Nightingale*	97
Carrie:	Our birdie is a little green on the fairway	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Kitten Natividad:	The foxy 44DD star of *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*	*Jean Rougeron*	13
Pauline:	'Saddle bum' takes on a new meaning	*John Allum*	22
Carina Roma:	Look, but don't touch – it's *The Sun*'s virgin	*Donald Milne*	35
June:	Accountant with a 35–23–34 figure to juggle	*Michael Moore*	51
Anita:	Photos for the DJ's album	*Michael Ancher*	72
Rosemary:	Wine buff with a full body	*Rod Salmon*	92
Amber:	Forever, may she be the toast of Torquay	*Ed Alexander*	104
HUMOUR			
The Butler Did It:	Send-up the servants!	*Anthony*	27
Faith, Grope and Charity:	Fund-raising with sex appeal	*Brian Forbes*	69
Oh No! It's a Holiday Wally:	I always meet *one* when I'm away	*Mike Gerrard*	78
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		103
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Old Rollers	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	How to recognise sexual signals		83
FICTION			
Artistic Licence:	A case of a bird in the hand . . .	*Ewan Shields*	18
COMPETITIONS	Win a fabulous £4,750 BMW Superbike		48
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Basque and Nightdress Lingerie** page 47/ **Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 80/ **Satin Lingerie** page 81/ **Subscription Details** page 82/ **Mayfair Maids on Video** page 91		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 8/ **Photo Service** page 12/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Back Numbers** page 32/ **Binders** page 90/		
CRITICS	**Films, Discs, Wine**		31

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright - Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

Mayfair, vol.20, no.8 (Aug 1985)
Cover:

Cover model: Anita Hunter | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Amber
- Anita Hunter | thread
    1. post
    2. post
- Carina Roma
    1. post [partial]
    2. post [mixed, partial]
    3. post [lower portion, partial]
- June Sands, GotM
    1. post [partial]
    2. post
- Kitten Natividad
    1. post
- Pauline Taylor | thread
    1. post [partial]
- Rosemary Sutton
    1. post [partial]

Kitten

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

With a pair of 44DDs to carry around in front of her, it is no wonder that Kitten Natividad regularly works out with weights to keep up her strength. Kitten, whose other measurements are 22-35, is America's highest-paid stripper, earning 4000 dollars a week for an act which includes such mind-boggling routines as taking a bath in a giant champagne glass to the tune of *Splish Splash*. 'I'm famous, but I'm not very rich yet,' said Kitten who has written an autobiography, and has just formed her own Kitten Club so fans can keep in touch with her. Kitten, 35, started her professional career as a top-less go-go dancer but realised she had bigger things ahead, as you can see.

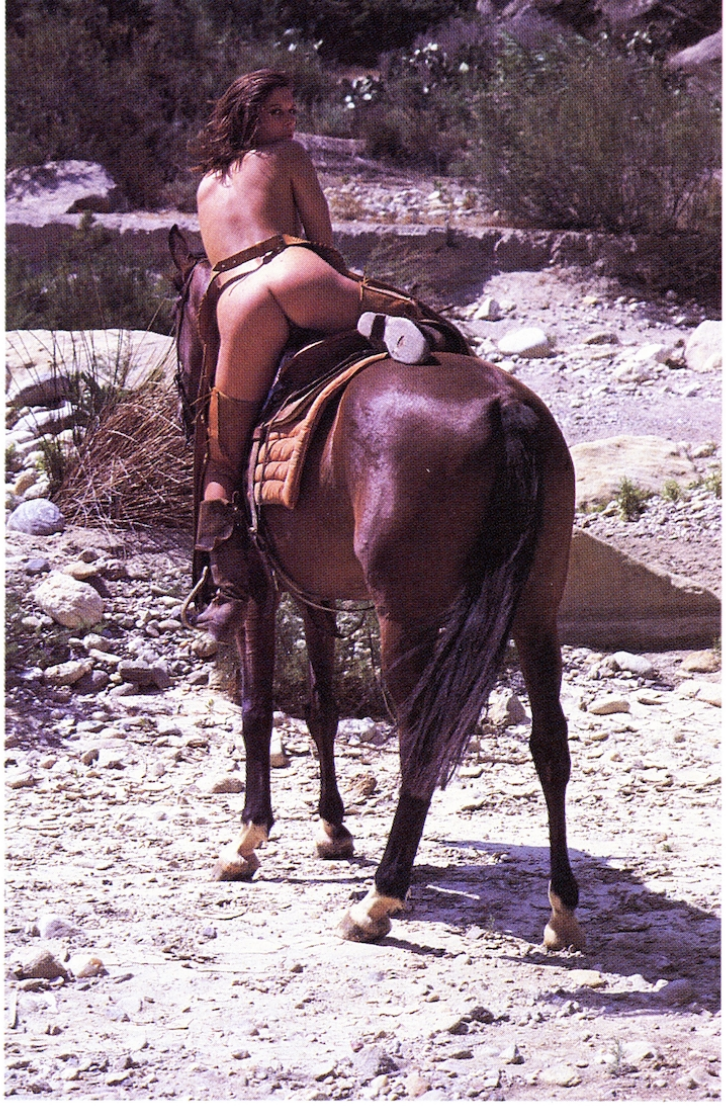
AdultMagazinesPDF.com

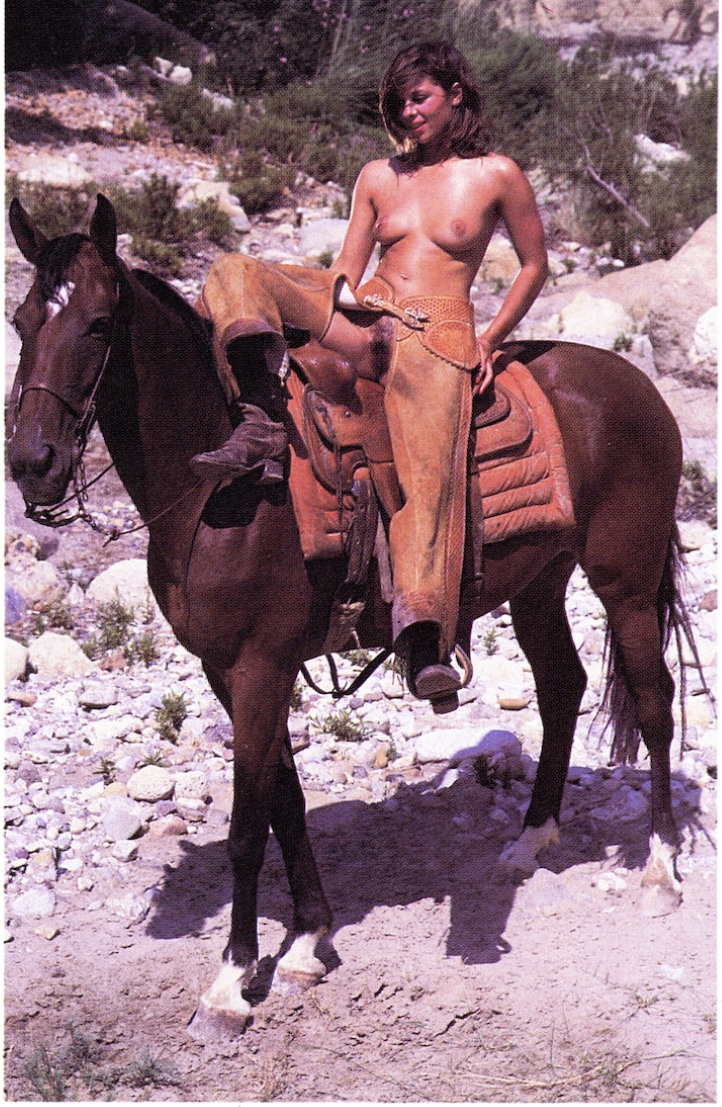
In 1974 Kitten won the Miss Nude Universe contest, and since then she has been touring the USA. She was discovered by cult film director Russ Meyer who featured her in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* and *Breast of Russ Meyer.* Since then Kitten's assets have been in demand for parts in such successful films as *Airplane, The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas,* and *My Tutor.* Also to her credit are 22 videos, one of which was a million-dollar seller, and featured Kitten doing erotic exercises in the nude. And if you can tear your thoughts away from picturing that, she also started filming *Who Killed Bambi* with the Sex Pistols. Unfortunately it was not finished. Kitten, who couldn't be further from anybody's idea of a punk rocker, enjoys perforing comedy and dancing. 'Perhaps one day I'll buy a club of my own.' But even a star like Kitten doesn't always like to be recognised, and when she is not on stage she tries to go incognito, or as incognito as anybody can go with a pair of 44DDs. 'I usually wear baggy clothes.'

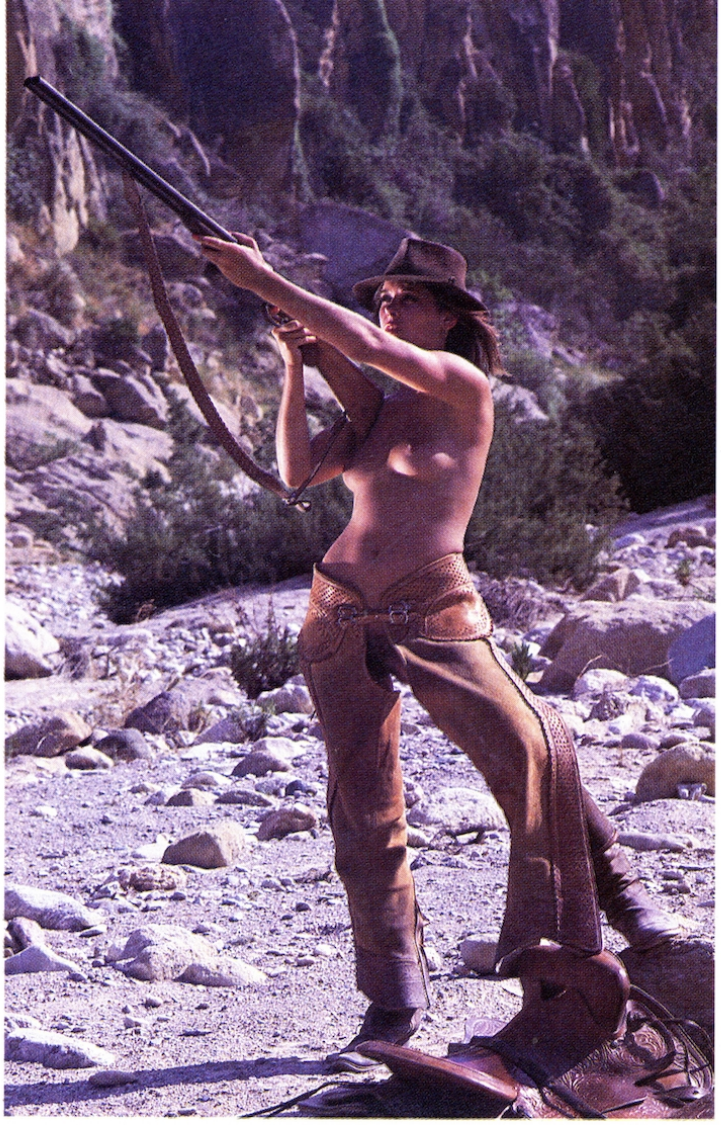
Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

The history of the American West is full of famous heroes, but only a few heroines. Annie Oakley and Calamity Jane are perhaps the two most famous, and contemporary photographs prove that they were not as attractive as Hollywood might have maintained. In fact, they were downright butch! So photographer John Allum decided that it was time to inject a little sex-appeal into the world of the Western. He invited pistol-packing Pauline Taylor to get saddled up, took out his camera, and shot to thrill.







Twenty-five-year-old Pauline is from the wild west of England – well, Bournemouth actually – and took to the saddle like a true cowgirl. Her four-legged friend's name is Tonto, and in the words of the song was 'honest and faithful right up to the end' of the shoot. Pauline's 34-23-34 figure is more commonly seen on the beach near her home. She told us that she likes to take long walks with her dog, and enjoys being wined and dined, and dancing at the local night clubs. Before taking to modelling, Pauline worked for an estate agent, and behind the bar of one of Bournemouth's pubs. All of which is a long way from life on the range, but she seems to be coping admirably. Perhaps it is something to do with her birth sign. Pauline is a Pisces, and amongst other Pisceans is Buffalo Bill Cody. Any Bournemouth-based red indians had better watch out.

IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT I AM NAIVE

I'M A VIRGIN AND PROUD OF IT

Most men think I'm a challenge

CARINA ROMA, 18, lives with her parents in North London and works as a secretary for the Royal National Institute for the Blind.

But her ambition is to be a top model and appear on Page Three of The Sun. Carina, 36-22-34, says:

again and

Many of the men I tell them groping me but I tell them that's all they're after they can get lost.

Most of my friends lost their virginity when they were 15 or 16 and they try to make me jealous. They say things like, "Oh it's really nice doing it."

They think they can make me jump into bed with son but I am very strong - wil don't feel ready for sex.

Strong

I don't think I'm a t will go as far as pett touching, but I always clear from the start tha have sex.

A boy I went with months was very und and didn't try to press wanted to get serious to sleep together, b ready for a steady r

Most men I go c very surprised when

Presenting Carina Roma undressing for you...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

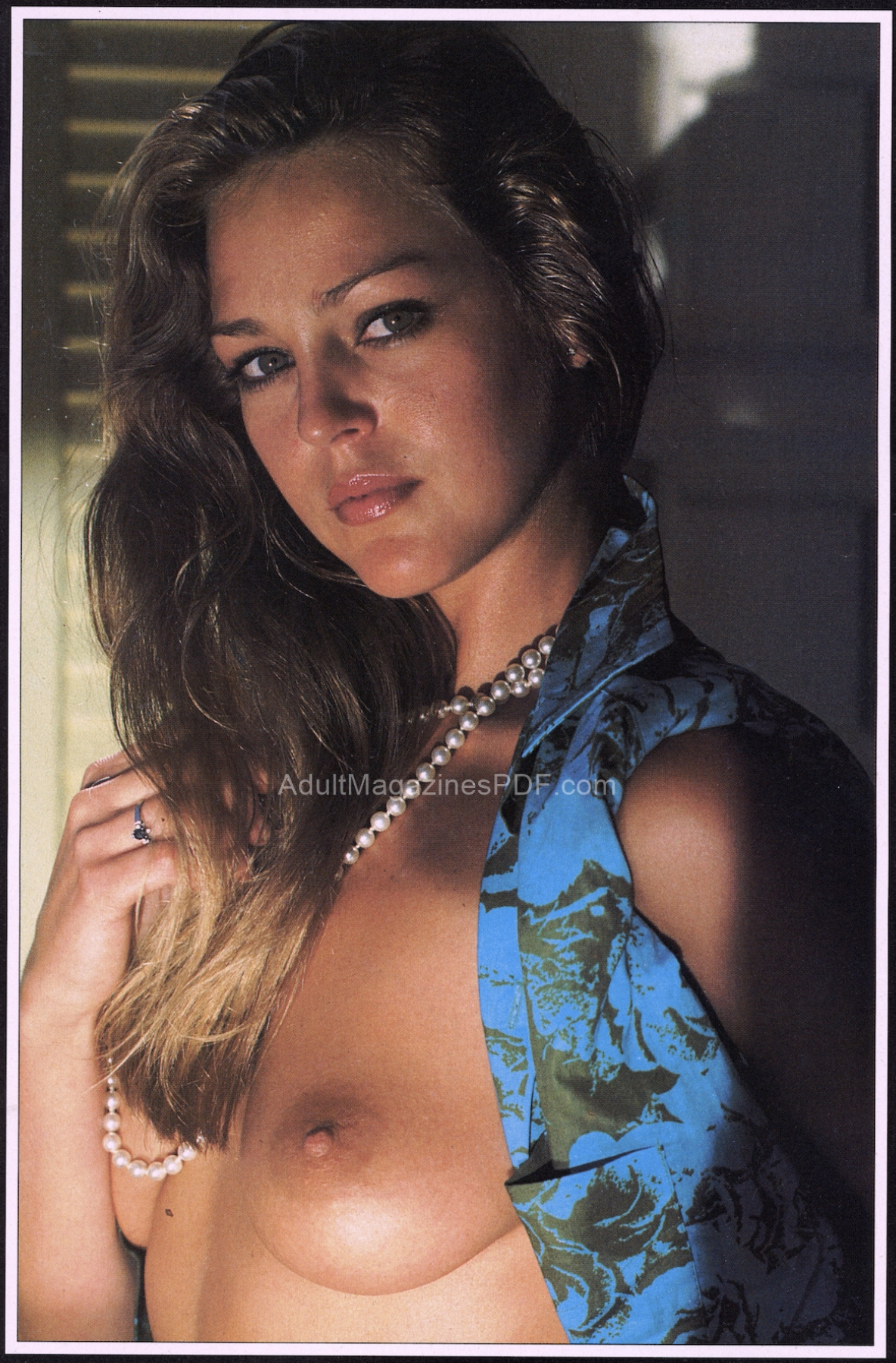
New models can be launched into the public eye through all sorts of stunts and gimmicks. But blonde beauty Carina Roma has hit national press headlines, and been invited to appear on TV because at the age of 18 she admits to being a virgin. 'My parents are very strict,' said Carina who still lives with them in Hornsey. 'I wouldn't mind staying a virgin until I get married. I want to meet the right person. Men tend to treat it as a challenge so it is very difficult to hang on to. I have a lot of willpower.' Carina has just given up her job as a secretary at the Royal National Institute for the Blind to concentrate on a modelling future. She decided to try to earn a living with her gorgeous 35-22-34 figure after seeing how successful her former junior-school classmate Samantha Fox has become.

Carina went to the Holy Family Convent school, and then to St Angela's at Palmers Green. 'I am a Catholic, and go to church when I can.' She left school with four 'O' Levels and a London Chamber of Commerce secretarial qualification, and worked briefly in the accounts department of an airline

before joining the RNIB. Now Carina is busy getting her modelling portfolio organised, and she is already in demand for fashion work. 'My ambition is to carry on modelling, and one day travel to Hollywood, and see all the film stars' houses. It looks a wonderful place from photos I've seen.'

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

Carina loves dancing, but prefers disco pubs in the Hackney Road to the top West End nightspots. 'There is one special pub I like called *September's*.' In her other hobby, driving, Carina is also rather modest. 'Flash cars don't appeal to me at all. I have a Fiat 126 which I took to Paris last year. It was terrible driving there.' At the moment Carina is happy living with her parents, but said she might decide to buy a place of her own in a few years' time. 'I help with the housework, and I am quite a good cook when it comes to Italian food.' The food is not the only thing Carina likes about Italy. 'I love dark Italian-looking men with muscles.'

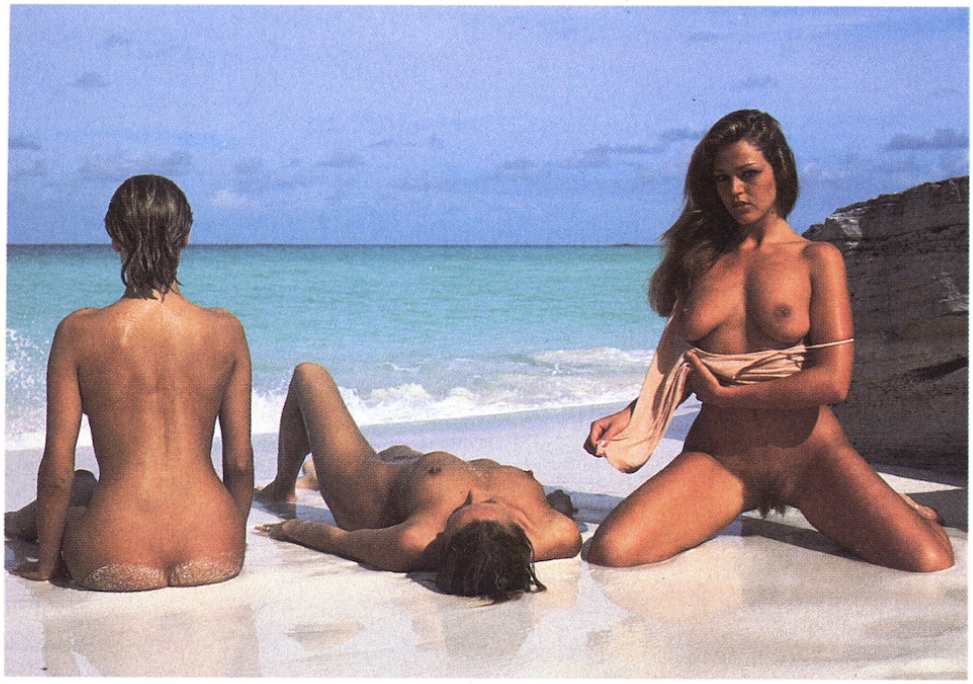

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

JUNE

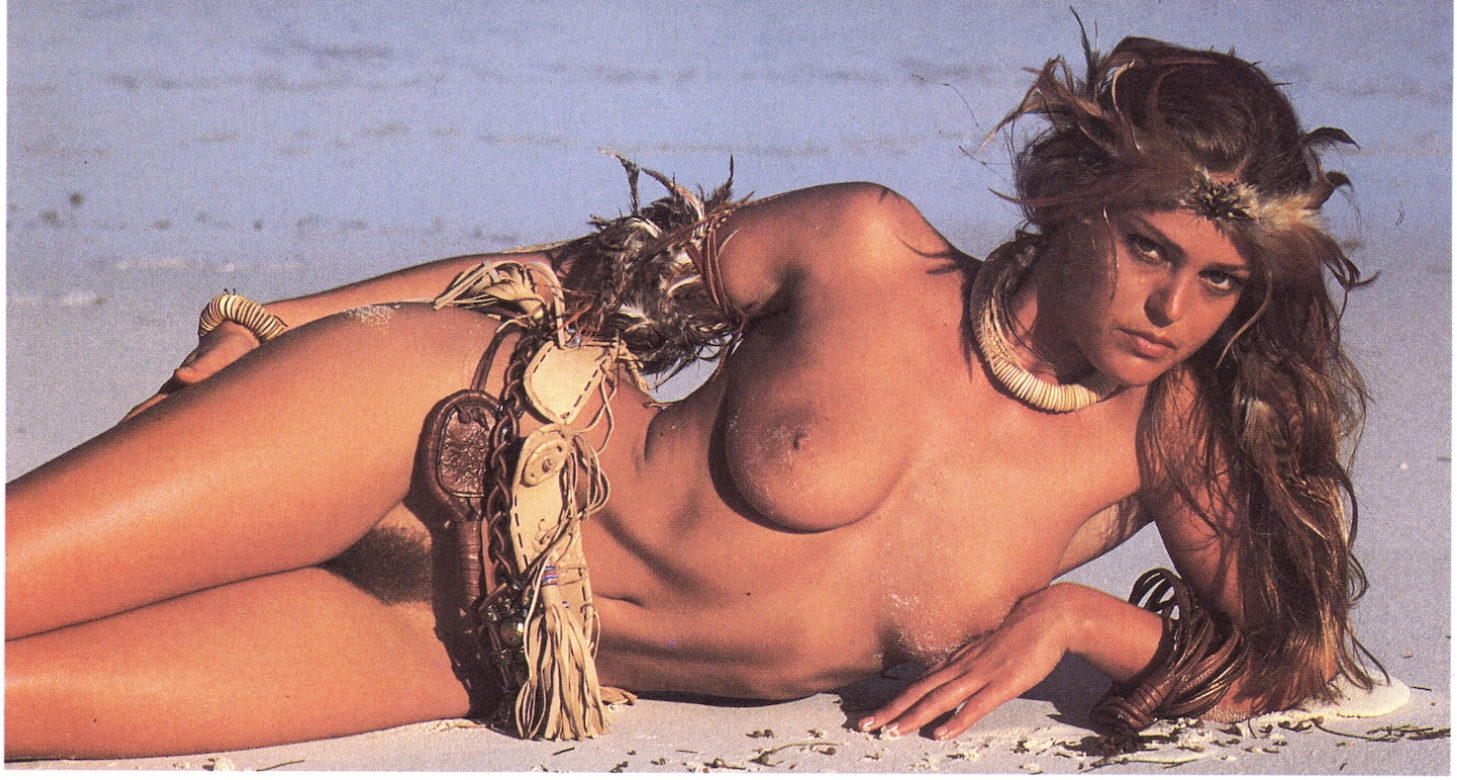
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

Now who says accountants are boring? It's certainly not a description that can be applied to 22-year-old June Sands. June works for an accountancy business keeping books and juggling the figures for small firms who find Inland Revenue and VAT returns incomprehensible. Every day, dressed in a sober dark suit, her initialled briefcase in her hand, she catches the 8.15 from her home in Richmond-upon-Thames for her office in the City of London. And every day, at least in the summer, she harbours a secret desire. 'I've always wanted to strip in front of all the commuters.'

We at *Mayfair* were all set to arrange it when June suddenly realised that many of those commuters could also be clients. 'I don't think my firm would like it,' she said. When she heard that the alternative was an all-expenses-paid trip to Barbados to show off her 35-23-34 figure there, she knew that she had made the right decision. 'It is rather better than the Southern region,' she laughed. 'Less draughty, and the tides run on time.' Once she had stripped off for the beach it was hard to imagine June's more sober occupation. 'And it's nice that nobody's asked me about double entries once,' she said with a wry smile. 'At least not in connection with accountancy.'



In fact, June so much enjoyed lounging around with the other girls on the nude beach close to the hotel, she has decided to forgo her bikini whenever she can in Britain. 'It seemed so much more natural,' she told us. *Mayfair's* centre-spread accountant had one more message especially for any ladies reading this. 'A lot of dark-suited City types are not as severe as they seem. If you see a good-looking man reading *Accountancy*, just go over to him and give a big kiss. He'll really appreciate it, and what's more you might enjoy it too.' June also hopes that her *Mayfair* debut will encourage other businessmen and women to be less inhibited. The old lady of Threadneedle Street could be in for an entertaining time.



MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
JUNE SANDS

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

Anita

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

If you thought all disc jockeys wear gold ingots and have hairy chests then take a close look at Anita Hunter. Twenty-year-old Anita has been 'pulling the triggers on the 45s' for two years after an old school friend asked her to give him a hand with his disco, one night. 'It's still in his name,' Anita told us when we followed her to Tunisia where these pictures were taken, 'but I take over for an hour or so on longer gigs like wedding receptions. People seem to quite like a girl's voice for a change.' Anita's slender 34-22-33 figure is also quite an attraction on disco nights. 'I wear all the gear, just as if I was one of the dancers,' she said. 'Being slim I can get away with tight clothes, and I've always liked satins and lamés. Men are normally very shy about coming up to the DJ for requests, but they seem much more willing when I'm on. I wonder why.' It was one of those very customers who recommended Anita to us. 'When the Editor rang up, and asked if I'd like to go to Tunisia for the shoot, I was delighted,' she told us. 'I've spent a fortune on postcards to all my friends. I bet they're all terribly jealous. Am I really being paid for this as well?'

POST

Anita lives in the village at Greenwich, close to the famous naval college, and old tea clipper, *Cutty Sark*. She has lived there since she left a course in drama after only a year. 'I was fairly good at movement and dance,' Anita told us, 'and my voice projection was okay, but when it came to the heavy Shakespeare work I was hopeless.' Although she left early, the course did teach her a couple of extremely useful talents. 'I can tap dance and eat fire,' Anita grinned, 'though not at the same time.' Sadly, she was too busy sunning herself to give us a demonstration. 'But if anyone's looking for a tap-dancing fire-eater, I'll put on a show for them.'

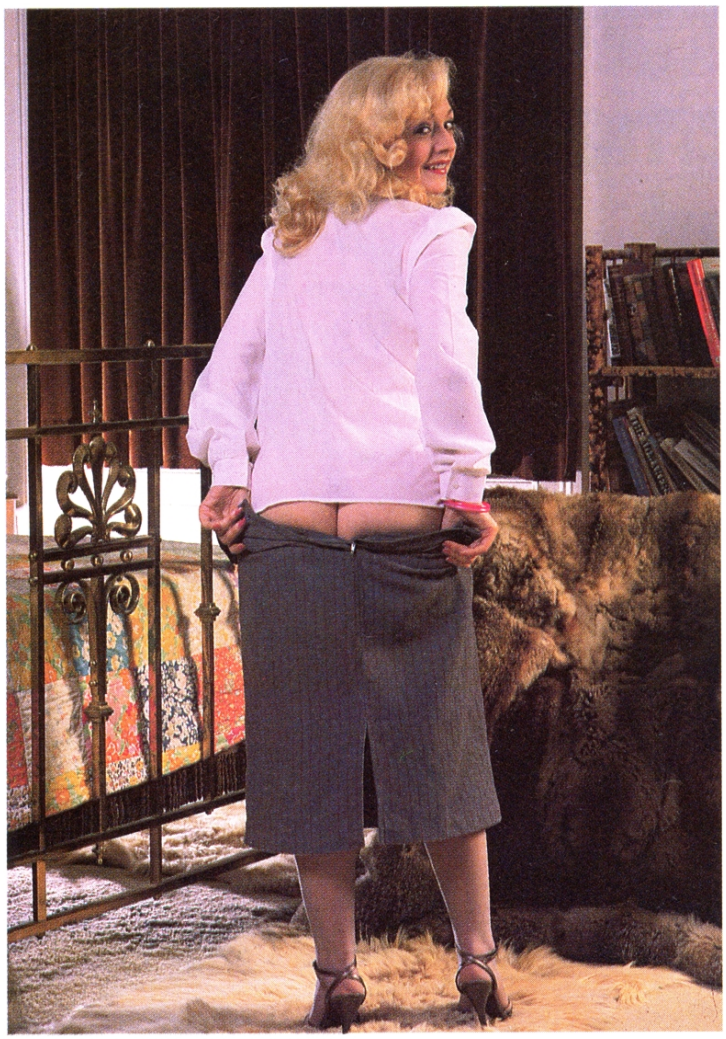
Anita is still looking for a full-time job, preferably with some sort of performing involved. 'I've learned a lot through doing the disco,' she explained. 'Now when somebody asks for *I Want to Hold You* by the Dooleys, I don't take them seriously. In fact, if anyone is cheeky, I give as good as I get.' Anita has had her share of embarrassing moments. 'I have to bend over a lot, setting up records, and yes, the tight clothing has been a problem,' she recalled. 'I've split several pairs of trousers.' Her most revealing experience was with a *loose*-fitting jumper. 'It was an off-the-shoulder top,' Anita said. 'By the end of the evening, it was an off-the-boob one as well. I just said, "Here are two new releases."'

Rosemary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROD SALMON

If you are ever in the enviable position of taking 22-year-old Rosemary Sutton for a drink in your favourite wine bar, don't think you can palm her off with a bottle of cheap plonk. Rosemary is a dedicated wine buff, and the walls of her west London flat are lined with dozens of books on the subject. Even when she went to France to shoot these pictures of her full-bodied 36-24-35 figure, Rosemary spent all of her spare time in the local cafés. 'I love wine, all types of wine, and for me there is no greater pleasure than discovering a new vintage or tasting a chateau for the first time. To be honest, perhaps there is *one* other pleasure.'

Needless to say, when Rosemary goes out to dinner with friends they leave the choice of wine to her. 'Wine waiters do tend to give me funny looks when I ask to taste the wine before they pour, but when they realise I know what I'm talking about they're OK.' To subsidise her expensive hobby, Rosemary works part-time in her local wine bar on top of her full-time job as personal assistant to a company director. 'Don't think I spend all my spare time with a glass of wine in my hand. My other hobbies are embroidery and dressmaking and designing. Nothing too ambitious, but I always make my own summer skirts and tops.' Rosemary is also keen on sport, playing tennis in the summer and badminton in the winter. 'I don't pretend to be any good, but they help burn off all that wine.'



Amber

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Should John Cleese or the producers of BBC TV's *Fawlty Towers* be reading this, we have a message for you. Hotels in Torquay are nothing like that. The message comes from a 20-year-old girl who calls herself simply Amber, and who should know. She has worked in a number of them as a waitress. 'I've never been slapped about like poor Manuel.' Amber told us, nor has she been rude to any Germans. Amber has now given up waitressing, and works as a model, though the buxom 37-34-36 blonde still lives in Torquay. 'I don't like city life,' she told us. 'I prefer beaches.'

After leaving Paignton Secondary School at 16, Amber had a variety of jobs. At one stage she was part-owner of a small shop selling toys and records. Even now her taste in music is very broad. 'I like practically everything,' Amber insisted, 'though I'm not so keen on heavy rock. You can't understand the words.' Her favourite artist is Lionel Richie. However Amber is very definitely no fan of discos. 'I hate them,' she said vehemently. 'They're full of young kids these days.' At the grand old age of 20, Amber doesn't enjoy the company of mere teenagers. 'They're just a bit too noisy.'

Instead Amber spends time in her garden. She is a keen gardener, and grows much of her own fruit and vegetables. 'It's huge,' she said, 'and a lot of work, but I love it.' Amber's most recent success has been with a crop of Chinese vegetables, so now is the time to pop in for a home-made take-away. Amber's other passion at this time of year is sun-bathing, especially on Torquay's naturist beaches. 'Every body thinks of Torquay as a snobby place but we have had nude beaches for years,' Amber claimed, 'and you can go topless almost anywhere. But beware of all the pebbles.'

SCENE

If any motorcycle answers to the description of dream bike then it has to be the £4,750 BMW K100RT. And this month we are offering you a unique chance to win one absolutely free. The 1,000cc, four-cylinder K100RT is acknowledged to be the finest touring machine around. It has a top speed of 133 mph, and can go from 0 to 60 mph in just 3.8 seconds. The K series engine cost BMW £100,000,000 to develop, and the aerodynamic fairings not only provide little wind resistance, but ample weather protection for the rider. In short it is the best bike on the market, and it can be yours if you enter the simple competition on page 48. If, on the other hand, you would like to read more about the BMW K series before you have a go. Neil Murray reviewed these super bikes in Vol 20 No 1, which is available as a back number, price £1.65 including postage. See page 32 for details.

Look but don't touch. That's one way of interpreting the views of 18-year-old Carina Roma who strips on pages 35 to 41. Carina hit the headlines of the national press recently when she announced that she was a virgin and proud of it. In the story that accompanies our pictures she tells us more about her decision, and why she made it. She also says that she only decided to become a model recently when she saw how well one of her former classmates was doing in the business. The classmate concerned was a little known model by the name of Samantha Fox. Carina. we're pleased to say, has no qualms about letting men admire all of her 35-22-34 figure. Perhaps that's a lesson *she* could teach to her old school chum.

On page 44 we celebrate the 200th anniversary of the first crossing of the English Channel by hot air balloon, with a feature about these pioneers of aviation. *Courage in the Clouds* by Graham Chainey looks back not only at that historical 1785 flight by Blanchard and Jeffries, but other early ballooning exploits – triumphs and disasters. We are not the only ones to be celebrating this bi-centennial. The Hot-Air Balloon Company, who do a great deal to keep the sport alive in this country, are organising a cross-channel balloon race in commemoration. Nine balloons, including ones from British Airways, Derwent, Home Tune, British Gas, J&B whisky, and Air France will be taking part led by the one-man Smirnoff airship. An exact date for the event cannot be fixed.The competitors will depart from Waldershare Park in Dover on the first day after September 1 with a moderate north westerly wind. For further details ring 01-731 6151.

We know from your letters that railway features are always popular, so this month we are off down the tracks again. The Kent and East Sussex Railway (see the feature on page 97) was re-opened in 1974 by dedicated volunteers. Unlike many steam fans, their interest is not in the giant express locomotives like the *Mallard* and *Flying Scotsman*. Instead, the K&ESR runs tank engines, the small but trusty workhorses of the pre-diesel days. Although these light locos may not seem to be as glamorous as their larger contemporaries, many had their moments of fame. K&ESR's No 25, 0-6-0 saddletank engine *Northiam* (pictured on the opening page) spent a varied career working on the Weston Clevedon and Portishead Railway and East Kent Railway, but is best known for a film appearance late in its life. *Northiam* ended its career appearing as *Gladstone*, the elderly engine in *Oh! Mr Porter*, also starring Will Hay, Graham Moffatt and Moore Marriott. The film, concluding with a spectacular chase, was made on the Basingstoke and Alton branch line in 1937. Now along with many other tank engines *Northiam* enjoys a new lease of life on the K&ESR, and is still no stranger to the high life. In June 1982, she hauled a train conveying HM the Queen Mother.

If you're a keep fit fanatic or just a worried hypochondriac, there's a new little gizmo on the market to make you happy, or worry depending on your point of view. It's a new home fitness computer from Phillips which can measure, with great accuracy, both your blood pressure and pulse. The EPC 2000 is about the size of a paperback book, and costs £69.95. We suggest if you try one, check your pulse rate before looking at the sexy girls in this issue. They're guaranteed to make anybody's heart beat considerably faster.

Steve Kingston is well-known to *Mayfair* readers as the chronicler of Carrie's misadventures (for her latest escapade see page 112). But as a freelance illustrator he accepts commisions from many sources. Recently he has finished work on a album cover. *Willy and the Poor Boys* is a compilation album featuring Rolling Stone, Bill Wyman, and all the artwork on the front and back cover, and single when it is released, are Steve's work. In fact, Bill Wyman was so impressed with Steve's caricature of him, that he invited the artist and his wife to appear in the video of the album. 'He wanted me to play a teddy boy,' Steve told us, but as his wife was heavily pregnant at the time, they had to turn the offer down. It could have been the start of a new career. *Willy and the Poor Boys* is on Phonogram's London label, and proceeds from the record go to Action Research into Multiple Sclerosis.

As regular readers of our *Gentlemen, That Reminds Me* page are well aware, we are great fans of the lewd limerick. Now a collection of some of the best examples of the art – old, new, borrowed and blue – has been produced. *The World's Best Dirty Limericks* published by Angus and Robertson price £1.95 includes many funny examples of the five line verse. Our favourite though has only three:

There was a young fellow from France,
Who waited ten years for his chance.
Then he muffed it.

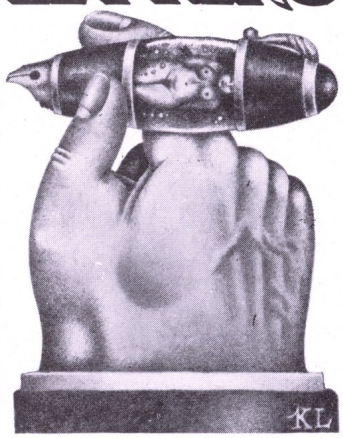
EVEN WITH IT'S ENGINE OFF, IT LEAVES OTHER CARS STANDING.

If cars were judged on their looks alone, there'd be little competition for the Lotus Esprit Turbo.
They're not.
They're judged on performance, safety and excitement, as well as on styling and design.
And the Lotus Esprit Turbo still seems to have little competition.

LOTUS

Lotus Esprit Turbo £22,760. World famous Giugiaro styled body shell.
0-60 in 5.5 secs. 152mph top speed. Lotus Esprit S3 £17,630. Lotus Excel £16,220.
Prices correct at time of going to press. For a test drive or more information telephone 0272-277007.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I think I'm in love with Suzi in Vol 20 No 7. She has to be the best girl you have ever featured. Thank you very much. I would get up at any time to catch a glimpse of this lovely creature. Please give us more of Suzi.
D B, Westbury, Wilts

I am a retired gas-fitter, and I thought you might be amused by these genuine complaints received by the Gas Board. They occurred during the time of the conversion to North Sea Gas, but from their wording, it is easy to imagine they are talking about something else altogether.
'My slot is not blocked now,' reported one lady, 'but your men made an awful mess banging their tools against the wall.'
Another said, 'It has got very slack with use, and my husband can't make it tight no matter how hard he tries, so for the time being we are making do with an old gas ring.'
But my favourite came from a lady who complained, 'I told my husband it was safe to leave it in all night but he won't. If he comes to the showroom like I did, can the lady satisfy him behind the counter, and talk him out of it?'
WG, Richmond, N Yorks

The last few weeks have been the most exciting, amusing and disastrous of my sex life and my adventures are well worth repeating.
It all started with an insult. I had just rolled off my wife Debbie (name changed), after what I believed to be a performance that was up to average. Admittedly I was stuffed to the gills with Italian food, and possibly the Valpolicella wasn't the best aphrodisiac in the world, but even with the stiffled belch at the end, I thought I did okay. Debbie was less impressed.
'Is that it?' she said. I was quite upset, and in the heated exchange that followed all sorts of allegations were hurled. I won't bore you with the unwarranted slurs on my sexuality, but the basis of it was that it was all getting a bit tame. 'Why can't we do some of the more exotic things in those magazines?' she demanded. I was amazed. She'd never given me cause to consider it before. Up until now, the most sexually exotic she'd managed was a low cut dress which showed all of a half inch of cleavage, and made her blush whenever anyone commented.
'Quite what did you have in mind?' I asked a little tentatively. She then proceeded to reel off a list that stunned me. Some I admit had been in my private fantasy repertoire. Others hardly inspired me at all. First on her list was bondage. So dutifully I returned from work with some lengths of pyjama cord – not easy to find, but I thought rope would be going a bit far. I did however decide that I should indulge in a little play acting. The role of the evil Baron that had been such a success at the local panto was now about to make a second more adult appearance.
As soon as I got in the front door, instead of waiting for the welcome home kiss, I barged in, and said, 'You're coming with me, my dear,' With that I grabbed her, and pulled her towards the bedroom. Pushing her onto the bed, I encountered my first problem. Modern headboards are not made to tie a girl's wrists to, and the foot of the bed has nothing. The best I could manage was tying her ankles to the bed legs, and her wrists behind her head. Still adopting my baddie persona (ie cackling a lot), I then realised that I hadn't taken her clothes off. So what? you ask. Have you ever tried to get a girl's knickers down when her legs are splayed apart? It's impossible. Eventually I decided there was nothing to do but cut them off. It fitted my new image well, but after I'd finished I didn't hear the end of it.
'You should have thought of it beforehand,' she griped. 'Panties cost money you know.'
We tried again later, with marginally more successful results. Then she tried tying me up. What a time to discover that your wife can't undo knots because of her nails.
The next little fetish was a surprise for me. I arrived home one day to find my mild mannered lady dressed in a sort of plastic basque and matching thigh boots. My first temptation was to laugh. When I saw that the outfit came with a matching whip, I refrained. It was her chance to do some bullying. She stripped me off and forced me into the bedroom. I thought of saying I had a headache but she seemed keen to try the whip she'd hired with the outfit. I must admit that she looked quite good in the basque and boots. They pushed her 36-inch boobs up, and gave her a deep cleavage. The feel of her warm body through the PVC was quite pleasant too.
I undid the gusset and managed a very reasonable session, considering I'd just got home from work. The bad news? One hole in the duvet cover where her heels went through, and the discovery that hot plastic gets very sticky. The basque took a good deal of peeling off. The boots also made her feet smell.
Debbie was quite enjoying these little trial-runs and I must admit so was I. We were being very light-hearted about the whole affair, and often they just dissolved into giggling. Some never got off the ground.
Debs had heard the phrase 'water sports' bandied around and was keen to have a go at

turn to page 11

'Hodges! Miss Milbank! May I remind you that we haven't reached "Any Other Business" yet.'

SCIMITAR SS1 AUTHORISED DEALERS

☐ AVON: JOHN DANGERFIELD, STAPLE HILL, FISHPONDS, BRISTOL. (0272) 566525
☐ BERKS: U V A LTD, HAMBRIDGE LANE, NEWBURY. (0635) 33888
☐ BORDERS: DAVID HARRISON LTD, CROSSBURN GARAGE, EDINBURGH RD, PEEBLES. (0721) 21350
☐ BUCKS: STATION GARAGE TAPLOW, TAPLOW. (06286) 5353
☐ CHESHIRE: GRAHAM WALKER, MOLLINGTON, CHESTER. (0244) 881281
☐ CLEVELAND: BARRIE THORMAN, NORTON, STOCKTON-ON-TEES. (0642) 531127
☐ CORNWALL: W H COLLINS & SON, KENWYN MEWS, TRURO. (0872) 74334
☐ CUMBRIA: TOM WRATHALL, CARLETON SERVICE STATION, CARLETON, CARLISLE. (0228) 27287
☐ DERBYSHIRE: PETER SMITH SPORTS CARS, HATTON, DERBY. (0283) 813593
☐ DEVON: CHIVENOR MOTORS, CHIVENOR, BARNSTABLE. (0271) 815404
☐ DORSET: AUTO SERVICE GARAGE, WIMBOURNE. (0202) 887163
☐ DURHAM: KAMSHAFT GARAGE, PITY ME, DURHAM. (0385) 44000
☐ ESSEX: CLASSIC CAR CENTRE, TARPOTS CORNER, BENFLEET. (03745) 54626
☐ W. GLAMORGAN: ERIC ASHMOLE LTD, LITTLE CAM STREET, SWANSEA. (0792) 464201
☐ GLOUCESTERSHIRE: ROBERT BAMFORD, TWIGWORTH SERVICES, TWIGWORTH. (0452) 730070
☐ GRAMPIAN: ALEX SCOTT, ELGIN. (0343) 46080
☐ GTR LONDON: ARLINGHAM MOTORS LTD, ST. ALBANS ROAD, BARNET. (01) 449 4036
CHEQUERED FLAG, HIGH ROAD, CHISWICK. (01) 995 0022
HILLSIDE MOTORS, CARSHALTON. (01) 642 9973
LONDON SPORTS CAR CENTRE, BALLARDS YARD, HIGH ST, EDGWARE. (01) 952 6171
ROMFORD MARKET GARAGE, MARKET LINK, ROMFORD. (0708) 40584
WOODFORD MOTORS, WOODFORD GREEN. (01) 504 0017
☐ GTR MANCHESTER: I G W SERVICES, ASTLEY BRIDGE, BOLTON. (0204) 396481
PARADE AUTOS, LEVENSHULME, MANCHESTER. (061) 224 0606
SPORTS MOTORS, HALE. (061) 928 8143
☐ HANTS: HAMBLE SERVICE STATION, HAMBLE. (0703) 453757
SMITH BROS. (SOUTHERN), CROOKHAM RD, FLEET. (025 14) 22300
☐ HEREFORD & WORCS: ANTHONY MANSELL, PIERPOINT ST, WORCESTER. (0905) 25786
PAUL MATTY SPORTS CARS, OLD BIRMINGHAM RD, BROMSGROVE. (0527) 35656
☐ HERTFORDSHIRE: RICKMANSWORTH SPORTS CARS, HIGH ST, RICKMANSWORTH. (0923) 778079
SOUTH HARPENDEN CARS, HARPENDEN. (05827) 5217
WRIGHT & WRIGHT, WESTERN RD, TRING. (044 282) 4144
☐ HIGHLANDS: RAINING STAIRS GARAGE LTD, HILL PLACE, INVERNESS. (0463) 232444
☐ HUMBERSIDE: MINTO MOTORS, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY. (0472) 42940
SERVICES GARAGE, CROSS ROADS, ELLOUGHTON. (0482) 667225
☐ KENT: CHESTFIELD SPORTS CARS, CANTERBURY RD, WINGHAM. (022 772) 472
ELYS, TOWER HAMLETS, DOVER. (0304) 206160
LOOSE ROAD SERVICE STATION, MAIDSTONE. (0622) 52584
SILVERDALE SHOWROOMS, GROSVENOR BRIDGE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS. (0892) 27174
☐ LANCS: GRANTS OF BURNLEY, PLUMBE STREET, BURNLEY. (0282) 38480
J A TAYLOR, QUEENS SQUARE, RAWTENSTALL. (0706) 228976
☐ LEICESTERSHIRE: PARK LANE GARAGE, ABBEY LANE, LEICESTER. (0533) 664477
☐ LINCOLNSHIRE: LONDON ROAD GARAGE, LONDON RD, BOSTON. (0205) 55500
☐ LOTHIAN: MIDAS MOTORS, DUNDEE STREET, EDINBURGH. (031) 229 9632
☐ MERSEYSIDE: FOUR WHEELS, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL. (051) 708 5656
☐ NORFOLK: POINTER MOTORS, AYLSHAM RD, NORWICH. (0603) 45345
☐ NORTHANTS: QUEENSBERRY RD GARAGE, KETTERING. (0536) 513351
☐ NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: PLAINS MOTORS, PLAINS RD, MAPPERLEY. (0602) 204216
☐ STAFFS: RANDLES, CAMPBELL RD, STOKE-ON-TRENT. (0782) 48361
☐ STRATHCLYDE: IAIN GRAHAM LTD, MINERVA WAY, FINNIESTON, GLASGOW. (041) 226 4781
PARKER BROTHERS (KILMARNOCK) LTD, EAST SHAW STREET, KILMARNOCK. (0563) 21902
☐ SUFFOLK: CYMBAL CARS, BRAMFORD RD, IPSWICH. (0473) 50451
KINGS OF BARROW, STREET GARAGE, BARROW. (0284) 810411
☐ SURREY: ARNOLDS GARAGE, HASLEMERE. (0428) 3192
SHEERWATER MOTORS, SHEERWATER, WOKING. (048 62) 61517
☐ EAST SUSSEX: COLIN CARS, NINFIELD, BATTLE. (0424) 892286
☐ WEST SUSSEX: EVEREST GARAGE, HIGH STREET, BILLINGSHURST. (040 381) 3341
☐ TAYSIDE: WELLINGTON GARAGE, ROSEBANK STREET, DUNDEE. (0382) 25406
☐ TYNE & WEAR: FULWELL HOUSE CAR SALES, STATION RD, FULWELL. (0783) 483927
BRIAN LYLE (CAR SALES), DIANA STREET, NEWCASTLE. (0632) 730700
☐ WARWICKSHIRE: KENILWORTH GARAGE, COVENTRY RD, KENILWORTH. (0926) 52145
WILL SPARROW, KINWARTON, ALCESTER. (0789) 763656
☐ WEST MIDLANDS: BUSHBURY MOTORS, LOWER STAFFORD STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON. (0902) 24119
COLMORE CAR PEOPLE, ERDINGTON, BIRMINGHAM. (021) 350 1301
COLMORE CAR PEOPLE, HALL GREEN, BIRMINGHAM. (021) 778 2323
☐ WILTS: MALMESBURY SPECIALIST CARS, CRUDWELL RD, MALMESBURY. (066 62) 2309
☐ NORTH YORKS: HARROGATE HORSELESS CARRIAGES, SKIPTON RD, HARROGATE. (0423) 521073
MICHAELS GARAGE, BARLBY RD, SELBY. (0757) 702646
☐ SOUTH YORKS: MACHON BANK MOTORS, MACHON BANK RD, SHEFFIELD. (0742) 554312
☐ WEST YORKS: TEMPLE MOTORS, HALTON, LEEDS. (0532) 644121
☐ CHANNEL ISLANDS: BRITISH & GUERNSEY GARAGE, ST. SAMPSONS, GUERNSEY. (0481) 54841

SCIMITAR SS1 1300 £6995, SCIMITAR SS1 1600 £7795. PRICES, CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDE CAR TAX AND VAT (DELIVERY AND NUMBER PLATES EXTRA).
PERFORMANCE FIGURES QUOTED ARE MANUFACTURER'S DATA. DOE FUEL CONSUMPTION TEST FIGURES SCIMITAR SS1 1300 URBAN CYCLE: 27.4 MPG (10.3L/100 KM). CONSTANT 56 MPH: 42.5 MPG (6.7L/100 KM). CONSTANT 75 MPH: 33.1 MPG (8.5L/KM). SCIMITAR SS1 1600 URBAN CYCLE: 27.3 MPG (10.4L/100 KM). CONSTANT 56 MPH: 46.0 MPG (6.1L/100 KM). CONSTANT 75 MPH: 35.9 MPG (7.9L/KM).
FOR INFORMATION CONTACT RELIANT MOTOR PLC, TWO GATES, TAMWORTH, STAFFORDSHIRE B77 1HN. TEL: (0827) 250000. D

SCIMITAR SS1 · SCIMITAR SS1 · SCIMITAR SS1

LETTERS

continued from page 8

that. The first question has to be, where? Deciding that the only satisfactory or sanitary place was the bathroom.' I tried to oblige. You know how when the doctor asks for a sample, you can never go? The same happened to me.

The mud-wrestling bout was probably one of the sexiest of our adventures. The riverside near our home one warm morning provided an excellent lubricant in the brown mud, and we put this down as worth trying again. We were however badly bitten by midges . . .

The rubberwear on the other hand was a definite mistake. Being on the tubby side, it proved almost impossible to get into the wet suit, and I didn't find Debbie's gasmask too appealing either. Project abandoned.

The following days saw a doctor/nurse scenario (very pleasant for me), a schoolgirl spanking scene (a bit noisy), and we thought up a slapstick idea but again found a venue a problem. I'm not saying that any of these were ideal for us, but what was excellent was the variety. It injected a lot of fun, and laughter into a tired sex life. The trouble with sex is most people take it far too seriously. Some of your readers might like to try some of the things we did, bearing in mind the problems we had. I have no recommendations. Just go out and enjoy yourselves.

JCB, Shropshire

It sounds as though you're qualified to produce a Good Kink Guide. Let us know if you discover any more.

Top fashion designer Zandra Rhodes mentioned on a TV show I saw recently that she thinks stockings will be making a comeback. She said that tights are fine and practical during the day, but in the evening women like to feel more feminine. I couldn't agree more, and I have been championing the cause of stockings ever since wretched tights were invented in the sixties.

I was a teenager in the late fifties, and if you managed to reach the bare thigh at the top of a stocking when you took a girl out, it was the sexual equivalent of reaching the summit of Everest, and the promised land was only the snap of a knicker elastic away. But tights are the next best thing to armour-plating, and however high you get there's always that nylon barrier.

I had a most pleasant and erotic surprise when I took out one of our secretaries from the office. A divorcee in her late thirties, she is a very sexy woman, well-built but all in proportion with a firm bum and boobs like artillery shells, the type that defy gravity.

The evening went very well, and after a romantic meal and a bottle of Chianti we ended up back at my place. By this stage we both knew she was there for the night, but as we kissed and cuddled on the sofa, and my hand mysteriously crept up her leg, under her dress and across a firm thigh, I was delighted to meet cool flesh, plumply inviting with a feel that only thighs have. I expressed my amazement to be told that Jacqueline (name changed) always wears stockings when she wants to feel sexy. Apparently they have a similar effect on her as they do on me. It had been so long since I'd seen the memorable sight of a pair of firm thighs encased in stockings with the tight straps of a suspender belt cutting into them, that I wasted no time before pulling up her dress for a better look. The stockings were black and so were the suspenders.

I knelt between Jacqueline's legs, and started kissing the cool flesh between her skimpy black knickers and the stocking tops. From the damp patch that began to appear on her knickers, I realised that she was getting as turned on as I was, so I pulled down her pants, and dipped my tongue into that sweet little honeypot, working her up into a frenzy with my mouth, teasing her little man in the boat.

Jacqueline was panting heavily by this time, and I stood up, hoping to take matters up a gear, and move into the bedroom. But she just pulled up her skirt, raised her knees, and told me in no uncertain terms that she wanted it then and there. Happy to oblige, I slipped out of my trousers and pants, and slipped into her wet little pussy. The feel of her stocking-inged legs wrapped round me added to delightful sensations, and we both soon shuddered to a powerful mutual climax. Long

turn to page 111

LETTERS

continued from page 11

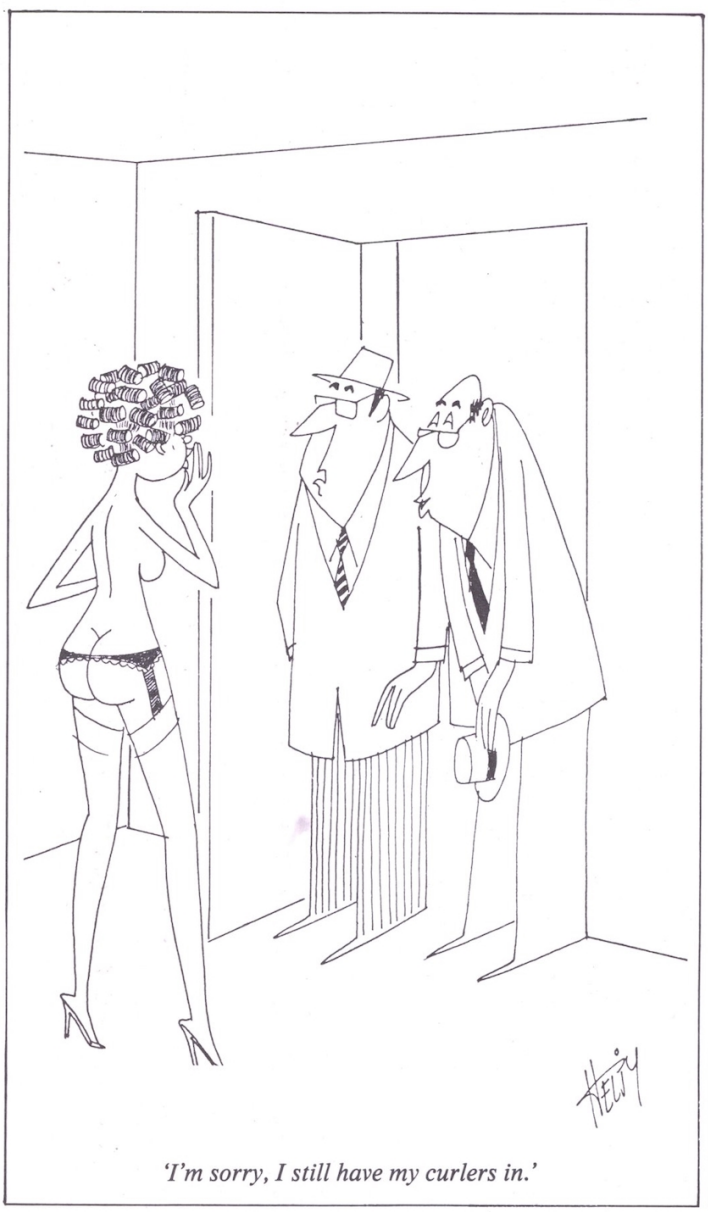
live stockings, and down with tights, I say.
(Name and address withheld)

My lovely Mary (name changed) is innocently causing me a lot of trouble – jealousy, neurotic jealousy even. And not without reason.
Mary, 23, enjoys her work as a telephone operator in the same Midlands company where I am employed. We have been living together for ten months.
Mary is tempestuous and warm-hearted. She has the face of a Botticelli girl, the legendary legs of a Marlene Dietrich, and the body of a Marilyn Monroe. The crack at the place where she changes from Marilyn into Marlene is surprisingly narrow, despite her having had three passionate affairs before we met. It is a joy to observe how, when I kiss and caress her very sensitive nipples, the furrow slowly opens like a rosebud blossoming into a flower.
The trouble is that whereas she can drink considerable quantities of wine without being affected, she is absolutely knocked out after three whiskies, and becomes dead to the world, as if she was under a heavy anaesthetic. When that happens at home it's fine. I carry her upstairs and undress her.
On evenings when we are invited to a party I am sometimes on night duty, so Mary goes alone. That is when my worries begin. I am not so starry-eyed as to think that she would never be so turned on by a stunning man that she would not grant him her full favours there and then. But as long as it remained an exception I would get over it. But I know it has never happened because she would have told me afterwards in a stream of genuine tears – that's her nature.
I have tried to get at the truth. Once I pretended to be working late but joined the party just after eleven, and found Mary in a jolly mood with no improper goings-on whatsoever. But on other occasions I have asked colleagues in the office how the party went, slipped in a question about Mary, and received evasive answers. More than once they just said they had not noticed her. But Mary is the type of girl every man notices. Once one man said, 'Oh, Mary. Wonderful legs. And so say all of us.' I asked him what he meant but he replied she just wore shorter skirts than any other girl, which is true. But he spoke with such a leering smirk that he seemed to be admiring, and know, more than her legs.
And occasionally when Mary returns from a party in the middle of the night, by taxi, her dress worn back to front as if put on by someone else's clumsy hands, so dazed that she could hardly talk, I glance between her legs, and see not a rosebud but a rose.
(Name and address withheld)

Your feature on the Jowett cars in Vol 20 No 7 brought back some very happy memories because it was in a Jowett Javelin that I had my first sexual encounter of any note.
It was in the summer of 1958, and at the age of 21 I had just passed my driving test in my father's Javelin which by then had seen better days. To celebrate, he let me borrow it for the evening to take my girlfriend, Pauline (name changed) for a drive to a dance in a neighbouring village.
We were all much more innocent than kids of today, partly because we never had many opportunities for sex. For a start most of us lived with our parents, and there was no such thing as the pill, so girls were not as free as they can be now.
Pauline and I had engaged in what was for those days some heavy petting, with me being allowed to go as far as actually getting a hand inside her jumper, struggling with an armour-plated bra, and toying with her nipples. Some of the faster types in our crowd claimed to have gone 'all the way' but they were always very hazy on actual details.
On this particular Friday Pauline was so excited at actually being driven to the dance rather than having to hang around at the bus stop that I thought I might be in for a little more of a treat than usual. I was right.
On the way home I suggested that we stop and look at the moon (or some such feeble ploy), and to my surprise she agreed without too much persuasion. So I pulled off the country road into the entrance to a field, and we started our regular ritual of kissing followed by my hands wandering as far as clearly defined limits. As far as I was concerned, anywhere below the belt of her pleated skirt was so far out of bounds that it wasn't even worth considering. It was much better to keep expectations to the more attainable forbidden fruit in her brassiere.
As our kissing progressed, and became quite passionate, I felt egged on by the heady delights of actually snogging inside a car, and in a flash of inspiration took Pauline's hand, and placed it on my bulging crotch. I didn't really expect to succeed the first time, but hoped that with repeated attempts she might get used to the idea in a week or so, and not recoil in terror of getting pregnant. But to my utter surprise and delight Pauline didn't pull away as if she was scalded. Instead, she nervously began to rub my crotch. No girl had ever done that before, and although by today's standards it might seem no big deal, it was then, believe me. We kissed very passionately, and when I tentatively began to unbutton my flies I didn't meet the expected resistance. Before I could quite believe my luck, Pauline had me in her hand and was inexpertly but enthusiastically pulling for all she was worth. The sensations were out of this world, and of course it didn't take me long to oblige her.
Pauline herself seemed quite excited by the exercise, but she made it clear that was as far as she was prepared to go that night. I was on cloud nine as I drove home after dropping her off, and after spending a paranoid ten minutes checking the car for any telltale signs of my passion, gratefully returned the keys of the trusty Jowett to my father.
BL, Torquay

Your readers may wish to spice up their sex lives in the way my wife and I do, by introducing the element of exhibitionism. My wife has an excellent pair of legs and a beautiful bottom, and we both get as randy as hell by

turn to page 114



'I'm sorry, I still have my curlers in.'

LETTERS

continued from page 111

showing them off in various ways.

On holiday this might be by her wearing a doctored bikini, that is one from which I've removed the elastic from the leg holes, and cut and reduced the width of the material which covers the fanny. Coupled with some depilation, the effect as my wife walks along the beach showing off half her pussy is devastating.

We have also made several bikinis out of shammy leather, simply cut and tied at the side – as rude as one dares.

In town on hot days I will get her to wear a pair of denim shorts cut off to almost nothing at all between the legs. They are worn with no knickers, and by bending or sitting with legs open we can choose which people we will give the sight of their day.

But one of the best ways of showing her off is at the local tennis or badminton courts. Dressed in brilliant white T-shirt, plimsoles, and a previously shortened micro tennis skirt, she wears either skimpy see-through knickers or, if we're feeling really daring, a tiny see-through G-string. We haven't yet reached the ultimate of no-knickers on court. It takes some nerve to do these things at first, but one gets seasoned to it, and is encouraged by the approving interest shown.

Sometimes a few onlookers will gather, and my wife, who has been obliging them, in the way she bends to pick up the ball, giving them, an eyeful of what they most like to see, gets so randy we have to go home, and have a rock-hard screw to obtain some relief.

We occasionally work out at a local gym which is usually populated only by chaps. She wears either a slightly see-through leotard or a doctored leotard cut away between the legs which buttons up right over her sweet pussy, but which strangely always seems to come almost completely undone. One can also use Velcro here to give some degree of adjustment. Or she may wear a pair of shorts made of very thin material with no knickers on. And the seam always works its way into her fanny, exposing a good deal of it as she exercises.

I can assure any reader who tries these things with his lady that they will find it most stimulating. And with imagination there is scope for many more such antics.

CG, Berkshire

Here in Australia I've recently started sharing a flat with a friend who is a subscriber to *Mayfair* and I think it's a great magazine. I particularly like the *Girls You've Asked to See*. As we get a lot of *Page Three* girls in Australian magazines, we appreciate what you're showing, particularly Sian Adey-Jones, Jane Warner, Debbie Boyland, Corinne Russell, Lyn Taylor, Carol Needham and Kim Mills.

One thing we're most upset about is that you haven't done another spread on Janine Andrews. We think she's gorgeous, and as the issue that featured her is out of print, we beg you to feature her again. One photo in Vol 19 No 12 isn't enough.

K Dennis, Northcote, Victoria, Australia

The joyous rhythm of a horse suits boys as well as girls if the lads like to try.

Seventy years ago when I was a schoolboy, and the girls in my circle contrived to conceal their desires, my pony helped me discover the wonder of the growing flow of sap.

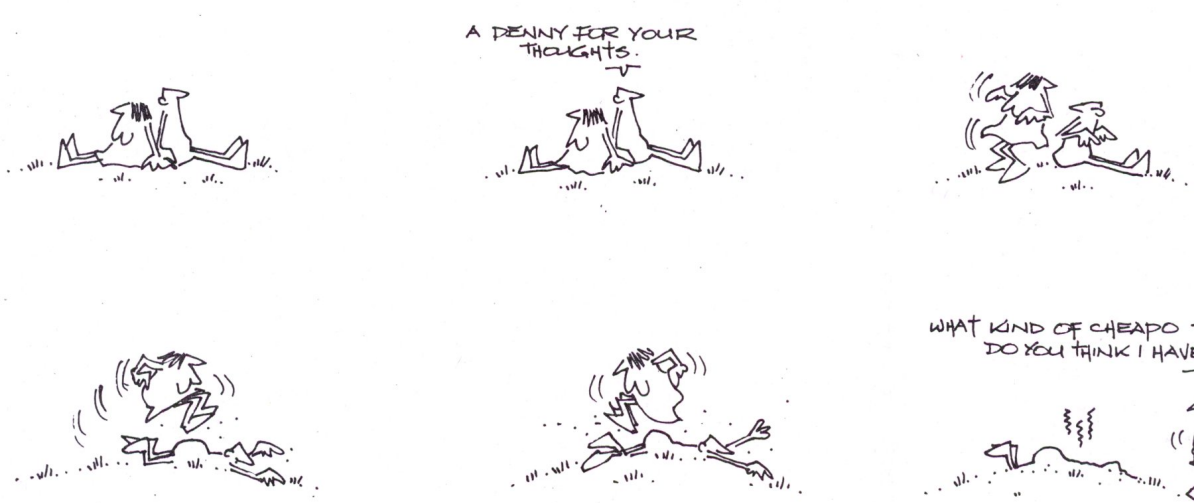
With boots and gaiters smartly and tightly done up, if I was alone I would ride out to a moor or common, pull up the stirrups like a jockey or let them down so my feet hardly rested in them. Then with my mouth going dry I would get into the stride of a canter, then gallop, more and more aroused. Finding if possible a bank or fence, I would put the pony at it, all control lost, and with the extra surge, up and forward, the flood came in all its ecstasy. I would go back and do it again and again.

I used to go up to horses in a field and, if possible, jump on their bare back, and with their moving bodies tight between my legs soon come and fill my breeches. They had an almost permanent stain by the flies. And to think that there is now scarely a boy over 14 still a virgin. Good luck to them.

(Name and address supplied)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ

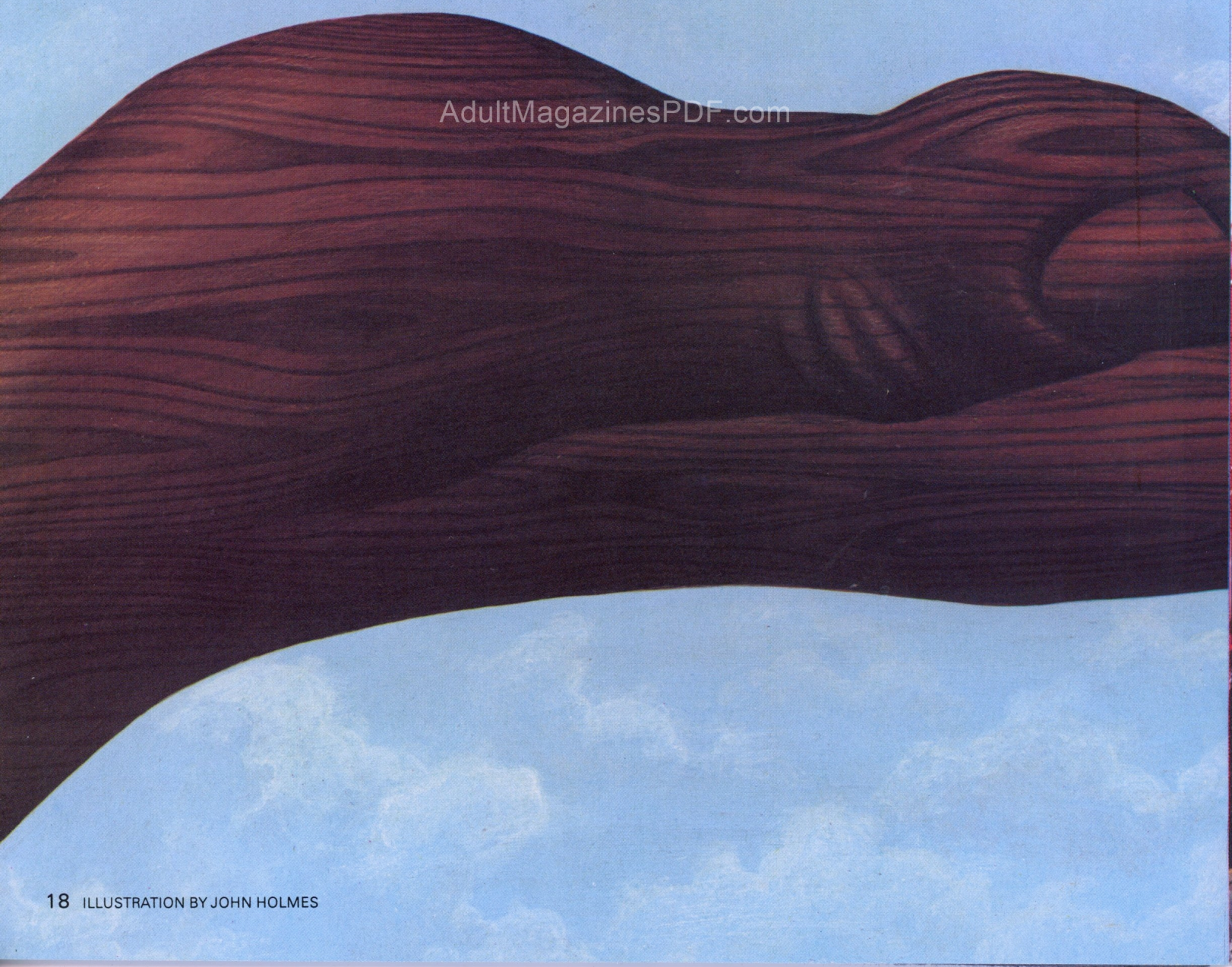


Could all the sensitivity he'd put into the carving of the hand enable him to communicate with the beautiful art teacher in such an exciting way? He closed his eyes again and shuddered as it slid under her sweater to fondle her taut breasts

ARTISTIC LICENCE

Fiction by Ewan Shields

'You have such a ... sensitive hand,' Miss Hawkins breathed over Dudley's shoulder.
Dudley blushed, and straightened his glasses with a grubby finger. He had been so intent on his carving – a work in wood representing his own right hand – that he hadn't noticed the art mistress move to stand behind him.
'I've worked quite hard at it,' mumbled Dudley modestly, turning to find himself staring straight at the famously firm, round and golden-proportioned Hawkins breasts beneath their tight red sweater. He blushed more deeply, and raised his eyes to the art mistress's face. She smiled down at him, seemingly unaware of his confusion.
Miss Hawkins was an inspiring art teacher. A tumble of auburn hair framed a face of surpassing loveliness which looked sultry in concentration, and which had the power to melt when it smiled. She smiled once again.
'It's so very good', she said. 'Keep it up.' She moved away in a perfumed cloud. Dudley watched her go, aware of nothing till he noticed Jones sniggering next to him.
'Keep it up, Dudley,' smirked Jones. 'Your sensitive hand should help you to do that.'
'Did you see?' hissed Dudley. 'Those boobs! I must've been within six inches of them.'
'So was I,' said Jones resentfully.
'Yes, but it was my hand that lured them



AdultMagazinesPDF.com

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

over here. It's my hand that turns her on. That's obvious.' He sighed dreamily. 'Did you see them, Jones? The way they almost seem to point upwards. I wonder what life is like on the inside of that sweater. I'd give anything to find out.'

Jones took a vicious swipe at the shapeless lump of wood he'd been chipping at for the last three weeks. Until that moment he had felt himself to be definitely ahead in the Miss Hawkins stakes. This was due to the fact that one evening, whilst dragging his reluctant dog out for a walk, he had clapped eyes on a pair of long tasty legs just ahead of him. To his surprise and delight he found that they belonged to Miss Hawkins, and that they were taking her up the garden path of a small semi-detached not far from his own house. He had discovered where the delectable art mistress lived! The knowledge had made him the envy of his fellows, Dudley in particular, although he was careful not to reveal the exact location to anyone. Now Dudley, with his extra sensitive wooden hand, appeared to have gained ground on him.

For the next half hour Dudley worked feverishly at waxing and polishing the hand. When he presented it to Miss Hawkins at the end of the lesson she flashed another melting smile at him.

'Do you mind if I take this home with me, Dudley?' she said. 'I have a friend who'd love to see a beautiful carving like this.' Not for a single moment after that would Dudley let Jones forget that he had won special praise from the ravishing Miss Hawkins.

* * *

That night Dudley lay on his bed, and let his mind play with images of his art mistress. A favourite fantasy of his was that Miss Hawkins would discover him alone in the art room, and beg him to make a wooden carving of her in the nude.

'Capture me, Dudley!' she would say, flinging off her clothes. 'Please capture my body!'

Dudley put his hands behind his head, smiled and closed his eyes.

Instantly he found himself in another room. A room he didn't know. He opened his eyes again, a shock wave tingling through his blood, and the room disappeared. But it had been real, not a part of his fantasy.

It was a small, softly-lit bedroom. A bed with a pastel blue duvet stood against one wall. And sitting on the edge of the bed was Miss Hawkins! The wooden carving of his hand nestled on her pillow.

Could it be that all the sensitivity he had put into the carving of this hand, and Miss Hawkins' obvious appreciation of it, were enabling him to communicate with her in a most direct – and exciting – way? Slowly, trembling with hope, Dudley closed his eyes again. Yes. He was back in the room. He was really there. He saw the art mistress lean across and pick up the hand, and a second shock wave passed through him. He could feel Miss Hawkins' hand on his. He actually felt the warm touch of her fingers!

She looked admiringly at the hand, and stroked it against her cheek. Dudley gave a violent shudder and his eyes shot open again. The room, and Miss Hawkins with it, faded at once. He shut them firmly, and squeezed them tight. Miss Hawkins now had her own eyes shut, and was kissing his hand. His fingers were alive to the moist softness of her lips. She climbed onto the bed, bringing the hand down until it rested on her right breast. Dudley saw, and felt, everything. The texture of the red sweater, the taut plumpness of Miss Hawkins under the slow stroke of his fingers. His hand slid gradually down the sweater, and eased beneath it to fondle the hot flat of her stomach. Then, with a hoarse gasp, the art mistress pulled the sweater over her head, and Dudley saw a neat black bra from which her justly famous breasts were straining for release. Under the guidance of his teacher, he stroked first one and then the other until she writhed free of the bra, and rolled her nipples against the cupped palm of his hand. They stood upright in beautiful pink-brown circles. In his fondest fantasies he had never encountered anything so vivid, so alive. He, Dudley of the Fourth Form, stroking the admired Miss Hawkins' delectable boobs!

* * *

Not surprisingly, Jones found it hard to believe Dudley's account of his evening's activities when he related them in the privacy of the art block toilets the following day.

'I tell you, Jones, I had those bazookas right in my hand!'

'We all have our dreams,' said Jones loftily. 'What's so special about yours?'

'It wasn't a dream. I actually did it, I can prove it. I can give you an exact description. All the details. Bra, boobs, the lot.'

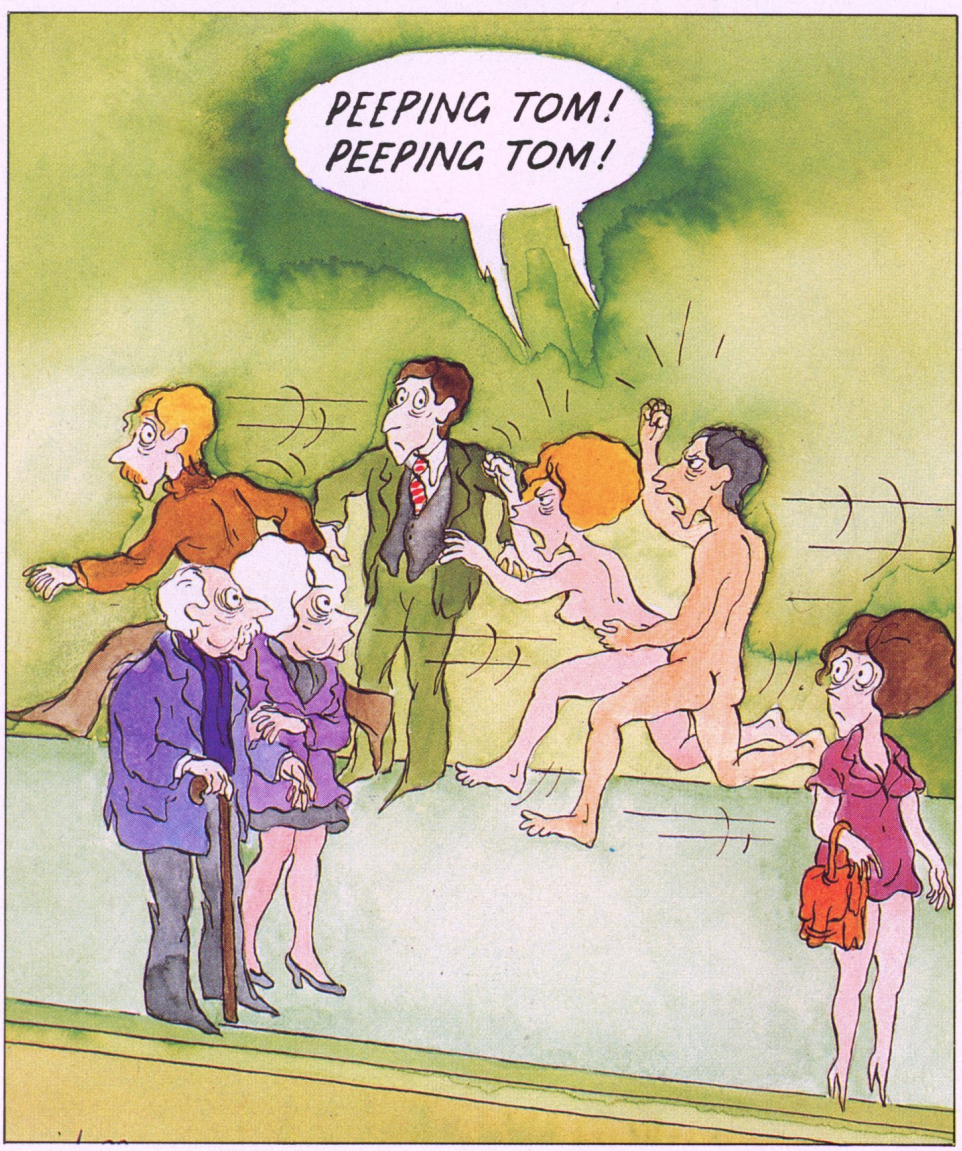
'And what am I supposed to do?' asked Jones. 'Knock on the staffroom door and say, "Excuse me, Miss Hawkins, but could I have a quick look at your boobs, just to settle a dispute with my friend"?'

'All right, then,' said Dudley. 'Don't believe it. It makes no difference to me.' And he smiled a sickening and superior smile which seemed to stay with him throughout the week.

What made Jones suspect that there might be some truth in this ridiculous story was the way Miss Hawkins coloured and looked away when she returned the hand to Dudley during the next art lesson. She had the look of a woman who suspected that Dudley knew what she had been doing with his hand the night before.

After that, Dudley became even more unbearable. He taunted Jones with his account of Miss Hawkins' luscious body, and what it was like to get your right hand on it. Jones, with only his pathetic knowledge of the art mistress's address to comfort him, suffered terrible pangs of frustration and inferiority. He wanted to stop Dudley telling him these things, and at the same time he

turn to page 102



Artistic Licence

continued from page 20

wanted to hear about them all again and again in lurid detail.

'I don't intend to stop at that,' boasted Dudley. 'I intend to go further quite soon.'

'What do you mean by that?' drooled the unfortunate Jones. 'Go further? How can you go further?'

'You'll see,' smirked Dudley.

Jones saw little of his friend over the next five days. He was, he said, working on something.

* * *

On the Monday before the end of term, Dudley called round at Jones' house with an odd-shaped parcel of brown paper under his arm. He was in a state of some excitement.

'I've got something to show you,' he said. 'Where can we talk?' He looked shiftily about him, like a spy on his first mission.

They went up to Jones' room, and locked the door. Then Dudley, with a dramatic rolling of his eyes, and a nervous licking of his lips, unfolded the brown paper, and stood back.

'There!' he said. 'What do you think of that?'

It was another wooden sculpture. Jones peered at it.

'What is it?' he asked. 'It looks like a lamp.'

'Of course it's not a lamp'!' snapped Dudley. 'Take a closer look.'

Jones bent down, and looked closer. The sculpture had a long, highly polished shaft and two bulbous swellings at its base.

'Good grief,' he whispered. 'It's a cock.'

'Not just *a* cock,' beamed Dudley. 'It's *my* cock.'

'It can't be. You'd need three-legged trousers for a thing like that.'

Dudley waved the objection aside with a dismissive gesture. 'Artistic licence,' he said. 'It's exact in every detail, only it's a little larger than life size.'

'A little?'

'It's erect,' explained Dudley patiently. He stood it on Jones' bedside table so that it rested on its balls, and pointed straight up.

'But what's it for?' asked Jones.

'It's for Miss Hawkins.'

'What?'

'You heard. I'm going to give it to Miss Hawkins. It's a special present for her.'

'But you can't give Miss Hawkins a wooden cock. You just can't.'

'I can,' said Dudley with excitement. 'You know what happened when she took my hand home. She rubbed it all over . . .'

'All right, all right. I know what happened.'

'Then just think what I can do with this.'

Jones looked from the wooden statue to Dudley, and blinked.

'You mean to say you're going up to Miss Hawkins, and say, "I'd like you to have this model of my cock,"? You can't do it. You'll be locked up.'

'Exactly. So I'm not going to give it to her in person. I'm going to leave it on her doorstep. Then I'm going to wait.'

'But you don't know where she lives. I'm the only one who knows where she lives.'

'Exactly,' said Dudley with a sickening smile.

'Oh, no! I'm not delivering your cock to Miss Hawkins or to anyone else.'

Dudley's smile took on a menacing aspect. Clearly he did not intend to be thwarted at this stage.

'Oh yes you are,' he said grimly.

* * *

The next night, his face buried beneath a balaclava helmet and a thick scarf, Jones made his furtive way to Miss Hawkins' house with a brown paper parcel hidden under the folds of his coat. Under cover of darkness, he tip-toed up the garden path, crouched on the doorstep, and fumbled with the buttons of his coat. Then he leaned the parcel against the front door, and started to steal away, hoping bitterly that the parcel would remain there overnight, and that there would be a sharp frost. Before he reached the gate he was stopped in his tracks by the sound of the door opening.

'Hello,' came the sweet tones of Miss Hawkins from behind him. 'Who's there?'

Jones' heart raced as he fiddled with the catch on the gate. Thank goodness he'd gone to so much trouble to disguise himself.

'It's Jones, isn't it?' said Miss Hawkins. 'Come into the light so that I can see you.'

Meanwhile, Dudley had locked himself in his room, and was preparing. Slowly and deliberately he stripped himself to his socks, stretched out on the bed, and waited, hardly daring to think about the evening of intense pleasure that lay ahead of him. He couldn't stop himself from grinning.

* * *

Miss Hawkins ushered Jones into her living room. Through the tiny slit which the scarf and the balaclava allowed his eyes, he noticed a dried flower arrangement in the grate, and a sheepskin rug and a bowl of walnuts by the brick hearth. The art mistress knelt on the rug and rested the parcel in her lap.

'A present for me?' she said. 'How thoughtful of you, Jones. Why don't you take your coat off, and sit down for a while?'

Jones smiled thinly, and began to struggle out of his coat and balaclava with trembling fingers. How had he got himself into this mess? Why had he blurted out to Miss Hawkins that the gift was from him? And what would he do when she opened the parcel? He lowered himself awkwardly onto the rug, and stared at the walnuts in their bowl. At any other time he would have glorified in the experience of sharing a sheepskin rug with such a magnificent body. (He had noted when he came in that it was clad in a tight black skirt and a silky blouse which seemed to emphasize every sinuous movement.) Now he merely imagined an irate Miss Hawkins handing over Dudley's wooden cock to a grim-looking officer of the law.

He swallowed hard as the beautiful woman opposite began to unwrap her surprise gift.

* * *

Miss Hawkins' living room suddenly swam into Dudley's view. It was working! There was the dim light of a standard lamp. And a sheepskin rug. And the art mistress herself, more lovely than ever in a black skirt which had ridden slightly over the silvery sheen of a stockinged thigh. He tensed as he saw her eyes fix upon his solid member, and felt her fingers close around the shaft. This was it. He was about to have her. Or she was about to have him.

But what was this? Something was wrong. Jones was there, the light twinkling on the beads of sweat on his waxy brow.

'Clear off, Jones!' he cried out loud. 'Leave me to it!'

Jones, however, gave no sign that he had heard.

* * *

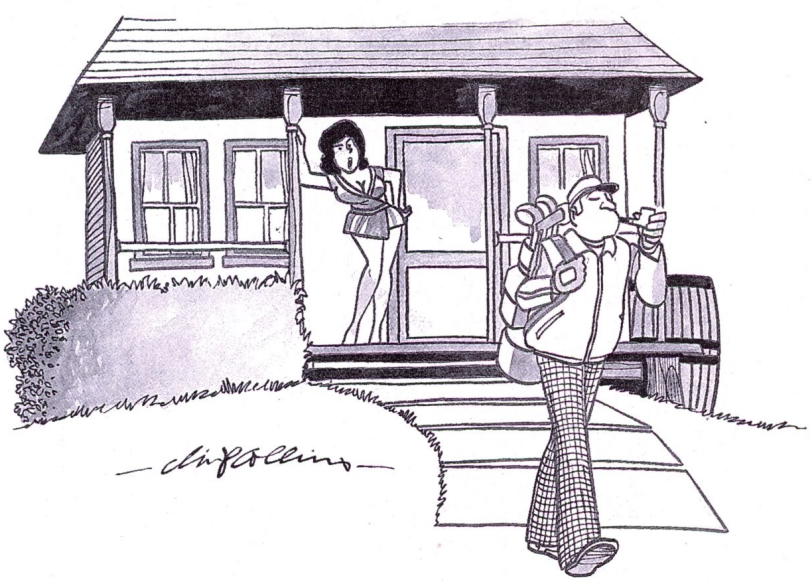
'Why Jones!' said Miss Hawkins with delight. 'It's lovely.' She ran the tips of her fingers down the shaft, and stroked the swelling base. 'What is it?'

Jones, on the very edge of panic, glanced quickly at the woman, and then returned his gaze to the walnuts. What was it, she had asked. He cursed Dudley silently, and then a flash of inspiration jumped into his frantic brain.

'It's a hammer,' he said. 'For cracking nuts.'

'How delightful!' exclaimed Miss Hawkins. 'Do let's try it.'

She took a nut from the bowl, placed it on the hearth, and, tightening her grip on Dudley's shaft, brought it down with a swift, sharp blow . . .



'If grass grew around mine, would you find it as attractive as your other eighteen?'

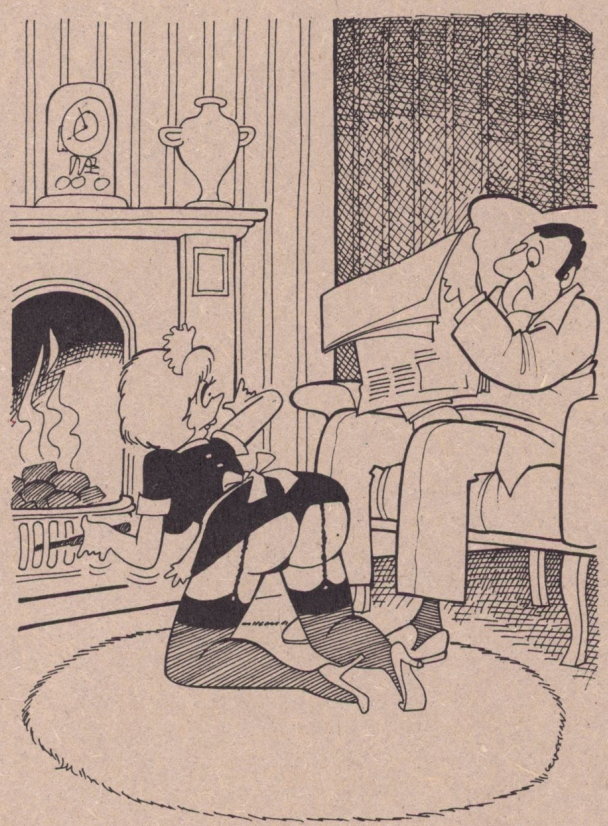
'You rang, Madam?'

The butler did it— and the chambermaid, too

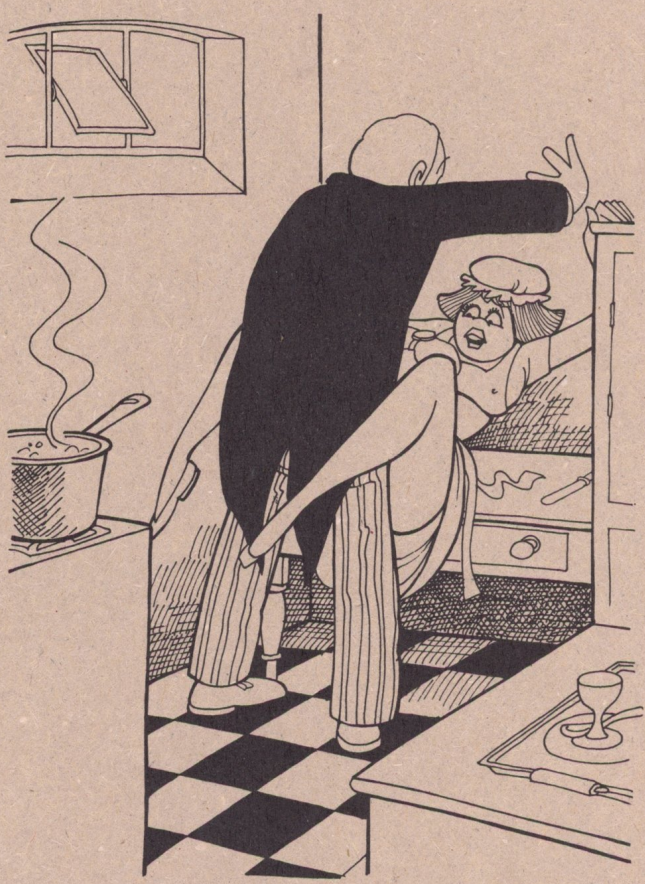
When the master or mistress calls, it's
not always to serve the wine or turn-down the bed.
Cartoonist Anthony sends-up the servants

'I took the liberty of removing my glove, Madam.'

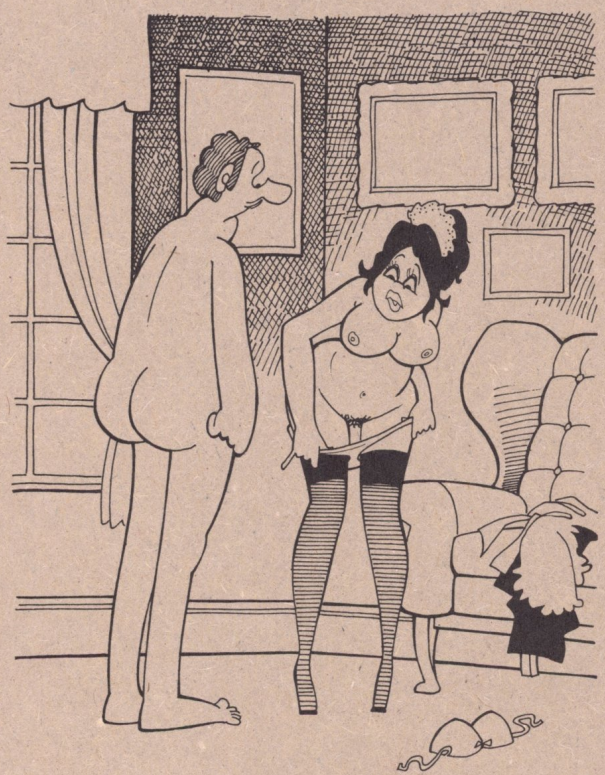
'Mr Peterson-Browne.'



'I'm warning you, Emily – if you continue to poke the fire in that manner I shan't be responsible for my actions.'



'You'll have to be quick – his lordship likes his egg boiled for exactly three minutes.'



'Will that *be all, Sir?'*

'Grainger, you may clear away the table now.'

'Lord and Lady Swellbottom are away, and are not expected back until the morning.'

The Mayfair Book Society

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

A revealing insight into the sexual imagination of famous artists of the 20th century, this superb book features 163 photographs of masterpieces of erotic art. The depth of imagination shown by famous names is breathtaking: Picasso's intimate study of cunnilingus, *Dos Figuras y un Gato*, demonstrates a master's appreciation of the truly erotic. Many of the photographs in this uncensored book are far too explicit to be shown in *Mayfair*, like the stunning drawings of the vagina by Igor Mead which show incredible attention to detail. Author D H Lawrence is not well-known for his paintings, but they are included in this superb volume, and highly erotic they are too. **Price £10.50**

THE PILLOW BOOK

Pillow books are designed to sexually stimulate, and you and your partner will find Poul Gerhard's history of erotica very arousing. The pictures, culled from museum archives, galleries and private collections, portray all the sexual fantasies you could imagine, including bestiality, oral sex, female masturbation and flagellation. The text traces people's sexual customs through the centuries, and provides an intriguing accompaniment to the pictures. **Price £6.70**

To: Mayfair Book Society: 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Please send me, under plain wrapper, the books I have ticked.

20th Century Masters of Erotic Art £10.50	☐	**Dear Doc £3**	☐
The Pillow Book £6.70	☐	**How to Last Longer £9.85**	☐
Sexual Positions £6.95	☐	**Sexual Techniques £5.80**	☐

I enclose cheque/PO for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Or debit my Access/American Express Acc.

My card no is .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Signature..... Date .....

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing, and books are sent under plain cover.

M208

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Without a doubt, this is one of the highest quality books we have ever encountered. Already proving itself to be a best-seller, *Sexual Positions* provides an imaginative guide to 11 aspects of lovemaking. Illustrated with no less than 224 full-colour photographs of a girl giving herself to her man completely, this book depicts the sheer horniness of sex like no other we have seen. Arousing, yet tastefully presented, *Sexual Positions* is a truly magnificent text book: an essential addition to the bookshelf of any true connoisseur of erotica. **Price £6.95**

DEAR DOC

Dr David Delvin is one of Britain's foremost authorities of sexual matters. In *Dear Doc* he answers the 150 or so questions that he is most often asked about sex, and his re-assuring answers are enhanced by the frankest of illustrations. *Dear Doc* removes lovemaking from the solemn sex manuals, takes it away from the myths of medical folklore, and places it in its true perspective – at the centre of life. Dr Delvin's style is authoritative, but never authoritarian, and he deals sympathetically with the problems and pre-occupations that men and women find too embarrassing to talk about with their own doctor. **Price £3**

HOW TO LAST LONGER

No man can afford to be without this book. *How to Last Longer* is a textbook for men which shows graphically how variations in attitude and technique can improve your sexual performance, and help you achieve a better and more satisfying sex life. By following author Michael Castleman's advice you will gradually gain confidence, and become the accomplished lover you've always wished to be. This book is an absolute *must* for any man who wishes to give his partner more within a caring and loving sexual relationship. **Price £9.85**

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will testify to the lasting impact *Sexual Techniques* has had on their lives. Author Mogens Toft discusses ways of improving technique by positioning the body, and regulating orgasmic pleasure, while the 42 full-page photographs show in detail how a girl can manipulate her own and her partner's erotogenic zones. Both you and your lady will find it essential reading if you wish to lead a full and happy sex life. **Price £5.80**

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡ **Erotic Pleasure Girls (18), 57 mins. Nice to know how obliging some New York sex clinics can be. Walking in off the street, a young man with an oddly stilted manner is immediately supplied with a dark-haired and curvaceous companion, and under the clinical eye of two nubile researchers, ravishes her mercilessly – so mercilessly in fact that all the measuring devices blow their fuses. He is, it transpires, a clone from an alien and highly phallic spacecraft whose inhabitants reproduce themselves by taking over human beings during sex. This ingenious plot device allows the maximum of naughty activity from the clone and his converts (added to which the spacecraft's attractive female occupants abuse themselves furiously with each new 'conversion'). It demands almost no acting ability from the participants since all new clones talk like Daleks.

***♡♡ **Gotcha!** (PG), 1 hr 37 mins. Seduced and deflowered by a thickly-accented older woman on his first trip to Europe, gauche 18-year-old college student Jonathan (Anthony Edwards) – whose chief excitement previously has been playing survival games around Berkeley with air guns firing paint pellets – finds himself drawn into a spying visit to East Berlin. Mayhem, madcap chases and assaults by murderous Russians ensue. Funny and furious, with some telling reminders of the pangs of adolescent girl-chasing.

****♡ **Mask** (PG), 2 hrs. The true story of Rocky Dennis (played here by Eric Stoltz), a highly-intelligent, well-adjusted American teenager who died in 1980, and whose life was distinguished by two extraordinary facts: a rare, and ultimately fatal, congenital condition, which deformed his face into a bizarre mask twice the normal size, and a mother (played superbly by Cher) who combined a ferocious defence of her son with the drugtaking, promiscuous lifestyle of a biker gang member. An inevitable tear jerker, it's also moving and highly effective.

***♡♡ **My First Wife** (15), 1 hr 37 mins. Be very careful of what you read in women's magazines. When Australian composer and classical radio DJ John (John Hargreaves) laughingly expresses disbelief that sixty per cent of all married women have affairs, according to a magazine feature, wife Helen (Wendy Hughes) promptly announces that she can't stand him any more, is sleeping with his best friend, and wants an end to their 10-year-old marriage. A dramatic dissection of divorce from a male point of view, its truthfulness and conviction more than make up for the glum subject matter.

***♡ **The Purple Rose of Cairo** (PG), 1 hr 22 mins. Plagued by a drunken, abusive, unemployed husband in Depression America, it's no wonder downtrodden waitress Cecilia (Mia Farrow) retreats to the dreamworld of the local cinema. The wonder occurs when the handsome, idealistic hero of her favourite film (Jeff Daniels) steps off the screen, and carries her away – much to the disgust of the rest of the cast, the audience and the actor who created him, and who flies in from Hollywood to persuade his celluloid alter ego to return to the film so it can finish. Well-made but silly, it shows Woody Allen – who directs but does not appear – turning into a sentimentalist in his middle age.

***♡♡ **Starman** (PG), 1 hr. 55 mins. Shot down over the USA on a reconnaissance trip to Earth, disembodied alien Jeff Bridges arrives at the isolated home of a young widow (Karen Allen), and clones her dead husband from a memento of his hair, growing from infant to adult in seconds as she looks on horrified. Thereafter he persuades her – first out of fear, then growing affection – to take him to a rendezvous point in Arizona from which he can be rescued. Meanwhile he struggles hard to master his newfound human body and the language it speaks, as security forces close in. Very much an adult *E.T.* but film-making flair and sensitive performances make involving entertainment of it all.

Cosmetic Surgery and Hair Transplants

Our comprehensive range of treatments includes collagen implants, nose, ear and breast re-shaping, body sculpturing by fat suction, hair transplants and a unique treatment to remove lines and wrinkles from the ageing face.

For a free consultation, telephone 01-631 5494.

THE HARLEY MEDICAL GROUP
6 HARLEY STREET, LONDON W1N 1AA

Mayfair is anxious that services offered by advertisers should meet with the approval of readers. For this reason, comments on any advertised services would be welcome. Please address any comments that you may have to The Editor, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. It is important you supply us with your full name and address, so that we may inform you of our findings. Your name and address will not be disclosed to anyone without your written consent.

PEN PALS

Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.

Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.

WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.

MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.

Stag Tours Limited

now in their fourth successful season, continue to offer holidays of a-lifetime on their escorted tours to Bangkok and Pattaya Beach. You may have heard of us from satisfied clients or through articles in top men's magazines. '85/86 trips are from November to March when the weather is excellent. Our prices are competitive and our local assistance, is invaluable.

This surely is the ideal holiday destination, both by day and night. Tales of the nightlife abound, but you won't believe it until you arrive. Thai girls make you most welcome and, for other exotic delights, join us in Thailand. Previous clients have been aged between 22 and 74 and everybody enjoys themselves.

In addition, we are offering a trip to Rio di Janiero in April 1986. Remember, Rio doesn't only swing at Carnival time and STAG only takes clients to lively destinations...

NB: Rugby enthusiasts – we are offering an extension on our March trip for Hong Kong Rugby Sevens.

9"×4" SAE for more details to
STAG TOURS, DEPT (M)
PO BOX 119, NORWICH, NR1 4SH

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Fabulous Fiona Brown (Vol 15 No 5) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol 15 Nos 5, 6 and 7, and Vol 16 Nos 1 and 4.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 15 No. 5 *(Fiona, Malta siege)* £1.20; **6** *(Jo, the Heineken nude, Henry Segrave)* £1.20; **7** *(Angelic Annabel, The man who stole the Crown Jewels)* £1.20; **8** *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **9** *(Vivacious Viv – the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre)* £1.20; **11** *(Top model Helle, Scrambling)* £1.25; **VOL. 16 No. 1** *("Sun" girl Stephanie, Sweeney Todd)* £1.30; **2** *(The Luscious Landlady, Armstrong Siddeleys)* £1.30; **4** *(Pippa from the Mirror, Shrewsbury train crash horror)* £1.30; **5** *(Motorcycling Marilyn, Bayonets)* £1.30; **6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **7** *(Policeman's nudest daughter, MG Midgets)* £1.30; **8** *(Yanez, Big Bentleys)* £1.30; **9** *(Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 1** *(Saucy Frankie from the burger bar, Sealed Knot)* £1.30; **2** *(The girl who stripped on TV's "OTT", St Valentine's Day massacre)* £1.30; **4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **5** *(Janet from the Kennel Club, How the world's greatest illusionist died)* £1.30; **6** *('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **9** *(Aslan the World's best erotic artist, Amorous Anne Markham)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 2** *(16-year-old Louise, Lindbergh)* £1.45; **3** *(38-24-35 Marie, Girl gladiators)* £1.45; **4** *(Continental star Sybille Rauch, Gurkhas)* £1.45; **5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties – Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **10** *(Kim Mills, Rifles)* £1.45; **11** *(Beth Blackshaw, The truth behind Telemark)* £1.45; **12** *(Jo Peace, 40 Girls of the Year, Uncovering the curse of Tutankhamen)* £2.30; **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** (Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **7** *(Lynn Taylor, the Hurricane)* £1.45; **8** *(George Best's sexy girlfriend nude, Lagondas)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **11** *(Sexy sisters, Tank Busters)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **Vol. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** (Page Three *pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **5** *(Who killed Lawrence of Arabia? 38-inch Zoe)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 1*, £1.90; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3*, £2.25; *Best of Mayfair No. 4*, £2.50.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or these separate issues .....
Name .....
Address .....
.....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ .....
Reg. London No. 875169 M208

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Before his tragic death in a 1941 air raid, Al Bowlly was one of the best-loved popular singers on both sides of the Atlantic, and a listen to **Sweet as a Song** (EMI) will tell you why. His voice is smooth and clear, particularly on the tender deeply romantic songs like *Goodnight Angel* and *Marie*, Irving Berlin's beautiful waltz. These 20 songs were recorded between the summer of 1937 and spring 1939, but they still sound fresh as a daisy. And as a point of interest Violet Carson (for many years *Coronation Street's* Ena Sharples) plays piano on two tracks.

This summer might have been disappointing weatherwise, but with the release of the Beach Boys' first album in five years, you know all's right with the world. Just named **The Beach Boys** (Caribou), it lives up to all expectations, and contains some of their best songs for some time. There is a nostalgic nod to the old surfing days with tracks like *Getcha Back* and *California Calling*, as well as moving ballads such as Bruce Johnston's *She Believes in Love Again*. The harmonies are as beautiful as ever, and with guest performers like Stevie Wonder and Culture Club's Roy Hay, this wonderful album takes its place amongst the all-time greats, along with everything else the Beach Boys have ever recorded.

A large number of today's pop stars weren't born when Bob Dylan started his recording career. But he still has plenty to teach the youngsters about songwriting, judging from his latest offering, **Empire Burlesque** (CBS). Although the songs don't match up to his '60s classics, Dylan still has his cutting edge whether it be on romantic ballads like *Never Gonna Be the Same Again* and *Emotionally Yours*, or biting social comment like *Clean Cut Kid*. And to make the most of these numbers he has surrounded himself with musicians of the calibre of Ron Wood, Mick Taylor, Sly Dunbar, and Robbie Shakespeare.

Prefab Sprout are far from being a household name, but judging from their album **Steve McQueen** (Kitchenware Records) they deserve to be. Produced by Thomas Dolby, a successful recording star in his own right, this four-piece band have written a collection of gentle, melodic, almost wistful pop songs with a Latin bossa nova feel to many of them. The husky voice of the lead singer is superbly enhanced by the sweet harmonising of the others. After several plays the tunes develop a haunting quality. This is an ideal album for those late nights or for a particularly lazy Sunday afternoon.

The Cotton Club was *the* New York night spot in the late '20s and '30s, and for several years it was the home of Duke Ellington's talented band. **Hot from the Cotton Club** (EMI) features 16 tracks recorded between 1927-30, and demonstrates that the Duke's instrument was the big band no less than the piano. Ellington classics like *The Mooche, Mood Indigo* and *Black and Tan Fantasy* are included, as well as lesser-known numbers like *Black Beauty*, the exquisite piano solo.

Reggae fans are in for a treat with a recent series of releases from Island, under the collective title Reggae Greats. They are compilation albums by some of the top names in their catalogue, ranging from the happy light-hearted singing of **Toots and the Maytals** to the revolutionary, uncompromising sound of **Black Uhuru.** These albums form a virtual who's who of reggae, and include the poet **Linton Kwesi Johnson, Bob Marley** and the **Wailers,** the international soulful reggae of **Third World, Steel Pulse,** England's pop/reggae chart-toppers, and **The D.J.s,** who represent the funny side of the scene, talking over the music with witty lyrics and lightning delivery. Everybody will have their own favourites, but these albums represent the best of the individual artists, though for me the Maytals' *Pressure Drop* just has to be the all-time classic reggae great.

Boy soprano Aled Jones, 14, shot into the album charts with his *Voices from the Holy Land* album based on the TV series. Now on his latest release, **All Through the Night** (BBC Records), he demonstrates the versatility of his pure voice on material ranging from Handel's *Hallelujah* to the Beatles' *Yesterday*.

WINE

Charles Fforde

Senor Santiago Ugarti of Bodegas Bilbainas was over in London recently to launch his *Pomal Junior* wine from the Rioja Alavesa region of Northern Spain. This is one of the three regions protected by the Cantabrian mountains from the Atlantic's rigours, the other two being, the better known Rioja Alta and Rioja Baja.

The name, *Pomal*, has been coined to help the Anglo-Saxon tongue which finds it difficult to pronounce *Bilbainas* properly. Freddy Price, marketing director of *Pomal*'s sole UK agents, Rawlings Voigt explained that research had shown that English speakers like the letter 'P', so *Pomal* it was, as in Pommard. I fear he may well be right. There is simply too much 'Bohjollaise' being drunk in 'Madge-orka' as it is.

A quarter of all *Pomal* comes from Senor Ugarti's own vines, the rest from the Rioja Baja down below. Of the three wines on trial at this launch and tasting, two, the *Vina Pomal*, and the *Gran Reserva*, have been here before and are quite well known. The third, however, the *Pomal Junior*, is a rich, robust wine, with the basic taste of fine *Rioja*, and a touch of oak. Spanish whites of all regions tend to have a lemon or bay leaf-like taste. But the middling to good reds, such as these three, have that oaken walnut tongue of old Burgundy the type only the middle aged can recall.

The popular *Vina Pomal* is round, soft, easy to drink, while the *Gran Reserva* has a more developed bouquet, befitting its five and a half years oak maturation. This compares with three years for the Vina, and just two for the new boy.

I covered *Rioja*, as such, in one of last year's columns, but I am returning for another bite because there is now a discernible gap opening up between the vast amount of *ordinaire*, often referred to simply as 'plonk', and the finer wines enjoyed by connoisseurs or kept by people for a special occasion. *Rioja*, especially, has suffered from the supermarket syndrome, where it is lumped together, by the British, with all those screw-top cheapies.

'Why not? This wine goes with anything.

With Spain being admitted to the Common Market, its wine will really come into its own, which means, in British terms, it will tend to occupy the high middle ground in the price structure. Spain's problem is, in some ways, similar to that of Rolls-Royce, who eventually gave up making their six-cylinder car, which was certainly more economical for our home market, in favour of American-led insistence on eight-cylinder engines. *Rioja*'s traditional method of maturing its white wines has been in oak, but overseas demand, ever anxious to sacrifice quality for quickness of turnover has, begun to call the tune. Those matured in the modern, gleaming, vats don't taste the same. In my view they are not like *Rioja* at all. I will agree that they are crisper, fresher, and have far more fruit on the nose, but I find them thin, apt to pettilance, and fairly undrinkable over a long period, without food.

This is why I welcome *Pomal* into the fold as a good oak-matured red wine, split into three different ageings for convenience.

Pomal's sole agents are Dolamore Rawlings Voigt Ltd, *Waterloo House, 228-232 Waterloo Station Approach, London SE1. Tel: (01) 928-4851.*

TAKE THE WINE TRAIL FOR A VINTAGE '85

Have you tasted Pol Roger champagne in Epernay? Castello Vicchiomaggio Chianti Classico in Tuscany? Lopez Heredia Rioja in Haro? Quinta do Noval port in the Douro Valley? We specialise in holidays to beautiful wine growing regions with selected tastings – excellent food – comfortable hotels – scheduled flights. Why don't you join us?

For details contact

blackheath wine trails

13 Blackheath Village, London, SE3 9LD Tel: 01-463-0012

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

Exactly 200 years ago, the Channel was first crossed by air. In the first decade of the balloon fierce rivalry developed between the proponents of hot air and hydrogen, and amazing scenes and dangerous moments masked men's early attempts to fly

Courage in the clouds: the perils of the pioneer balloonists

By Graham Chainey

Overburdened by useless equipment, Blanchard and Jeffries jettison ballast, including their clothes, in a desperate effort to stay aloft.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER ELSON

War, as so often in the history of human progress, may have provided the spur. In 1782 when the French and Spanish were unavailingly laying siege to Gibraltar, one Joseph Montgolfier claimed that a new invention of his, a paper bag filled with the 'gas' given off by burning straw and rags, would be able to ferry an entire army into Gibraltar over the heads of the English. The following June he and his brother Etienne silenced the sceptics by flying the world's

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

first hot-air balloon from their native town of Annonay, near Lyons.

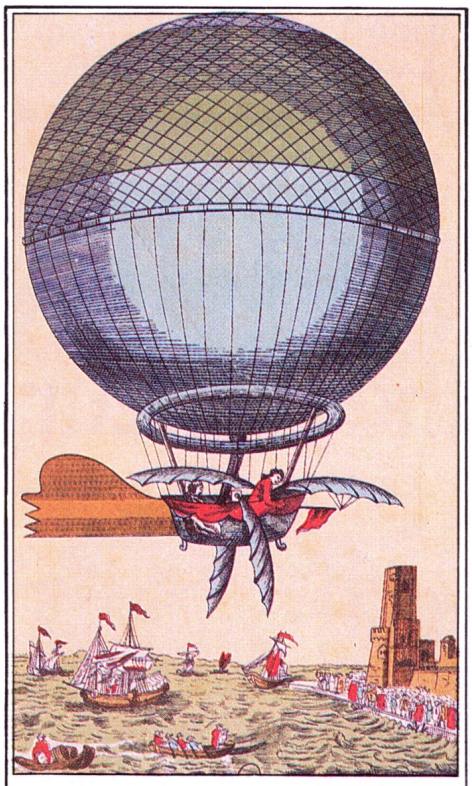
The popular imagination was aroused, and an intense but amiable rivalry ensued. On August 27, 1783, a young physicist, Jacques Alexandre César Charles, in collaboration with the brothers Ainé and Cadet Robert, launched a hydrogen balloon from the Champ de Mars in Paris, with a vast crowd in excited attendance. The balloon's flight ended forty-five minutes and fifteen miles later, in the village of Gonesse, where it was attacked with pitchforks and muskets by the terrified peasants.

Three weeks later, not to be outdone, the Montgolfier brothers launched a hot-air balloon from Versailles before Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, with a wicker cage attached containing a duck, a cock and a sheep. The Montgolfiers believed the lifting property to be an unknown gas given off by combustion, rather than simple hot air; the best fuels for producing this gas, so they believed, were damp straw, chopped wood, rotten meat, and old shoes. The King and Queen graciously consented to inspect the burning apparatus, but retreated rather quickly. The balloon flew for only eight minutes, landing in a wood, and the world's first aeronauts survived their historic voyage, though the duck sustained a wing injury, apparently caused by a kick from the sheep.

The first on the scene to recover the balloon was an enthusiast named Pilâtre de Rozier, who had the privilege, along with the Marquis d'Arlandes, of making the first manned flight a few weeks later. At first the King insisted that two convicts should go up in the balloon – if they survived they would gain a free pardon, if they perished what matter? – but Rozier retorted indignantly, 'What? Criminals have the glory of being the first to ascend in the air? No, no, that shall never be,' and at last Louis relented.

The balloon was a Montgolfière (hot-air), and the flight took place on November 21, 1783, from the Dauphin's residence in the Bois de Boulogne. The immense crowd was frozen with awe at the spectacle as the balloon arose – as indeed was the Marquis, who stood staring down as all the upturned silent faces dwindled beneath them. 'I was still gazing when M Rozier cried, "You are doing nothing, and the balloon is scarcely rising a fathom." "Pardon me," I replied, throwing a faggot of straw on the fire and stirring it. Then I turned quickly, but we were already out of sight of La Muette.' So they drifted across Paris, the Marquis admiring the view while Rozier sweated to keep the combustion going, till they landed near the present Place d'Italie, twenty-five minutes after take-off.

The hydrogen supporters – Charles and the Roberts – made their reply on December 1 from the gardens of the Tuileries. About 400,000 people – half the population of Paris – turned out to watch, and Charles showed the friendliness of his rivalry by inviting Joseph Montgolfier to release a small test balloon (to indicate wind direction) with the words, 'It is for you, monsieur, to show us the way to the skies.' With Charles and Ainé Robert aboard, the first named Charlière (hydrogen balloon) shot into the sky to



Contemporary print of the first balloon crossing of the Channel in January 1785.

stunned silence from the crowd till the sight of the aeronauts waving their flags on high produced a great roar of relief. 'Nothing will ever equal that moment of joyous excitement which filled my whole being when I felt myself flying away from the earth,' Charles later related. 'It was not mere pleasure; it was perfect bliss.' They landed two hours later, and twenty-seven miles away, near the town of Nesles; but as night fell Charles was so excited he could not resist rising again for another half-hour's solitary spin, claiming to have been the first person in the history of the world to see the sun set twice on the same day.

It is difficult to imagine the intense popular interest in these early experiments. The spectacle of human beings rising into the air seemed possessed of an almost mythical significance – an element emphasised by the elaborate designs of the balloons and the classical chariot-like cars suspended underneath. Paris went crazy with miniature Montgolfières and Charlières, the umbrella makers turning their hands to a brisk new trade, till at last the authorities, alarmed at the fire risk, had to publish a prohibition.

The Montgolfier brothers themselves returned to Lyons, a little miffed by Charles' spectacular hydrogen success, and began work on an enormous new balloon whose sheer power and size, they hoped, would prove a counterblast to the greater speed and elegance of the Charlière. It was to carry no fewer than six passengers – Joseph Montgolfier, Rozier, and four members of the aristocracy – but at the last minute Rozier decided that only three could safely be conveyed. At this news the four noblemen leapt into the basket with drawn swords, defying anyone to remove them, and ordering the ropes to be cut. As the balloon ascended, Rozier and Montgolfier threw themselves aboard, as did a seventh gentleman who had helped with the construction, and wasn't going to miss the fun. The balloon wobbled aloft, spewing fumes, while on the ground men prayed and women fainted. After a quarter of an hour the fabric failed, and the balloon came careering down, but fortunately no one was hurt, and the seven triumphant aeronauts were carried off amid rapturous applause to an evening at the opera in Lyons.

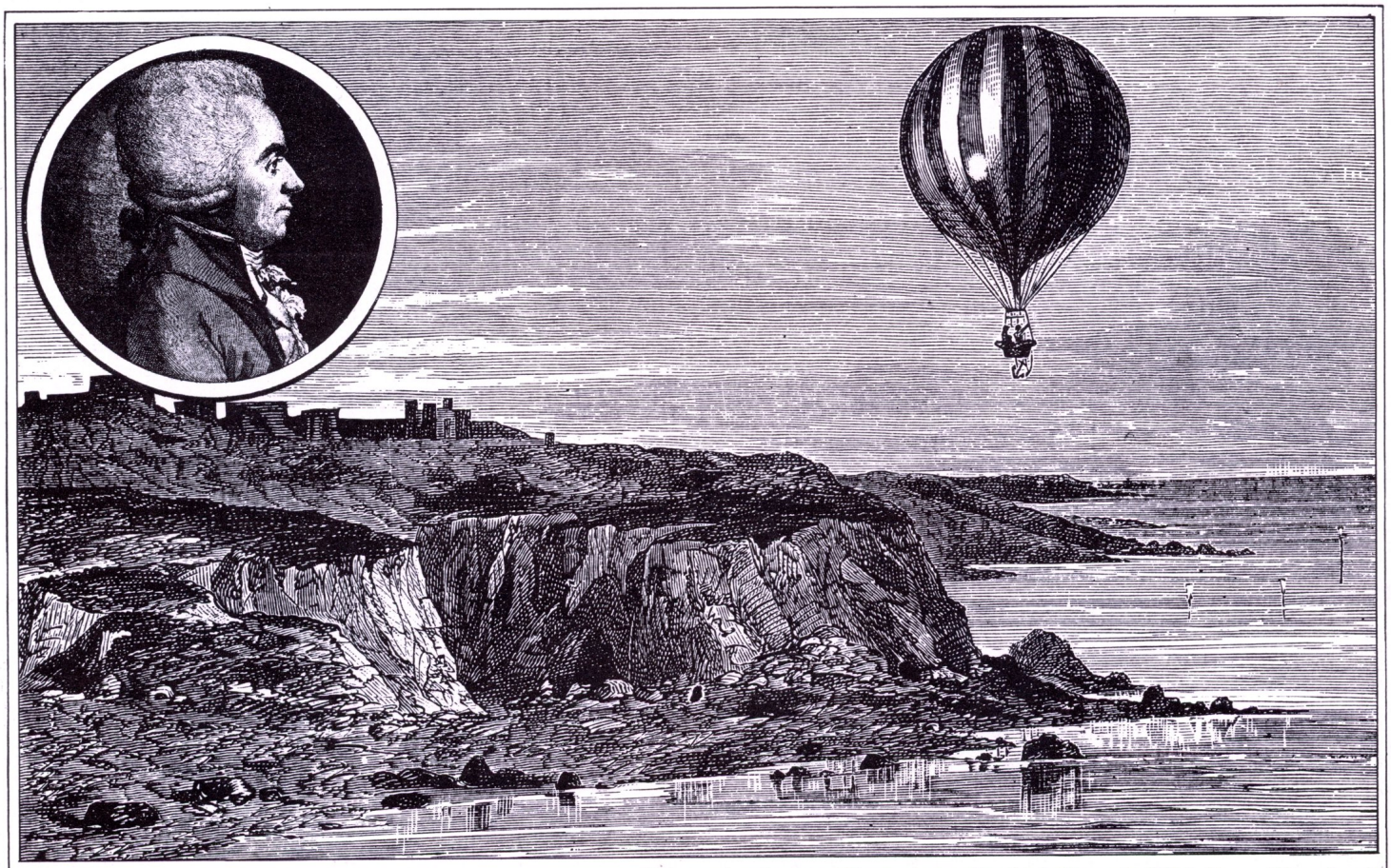
In England, the initial reaction of the Royal Society to the French experiments was that, 'No good whatever could result from them, as the properties of which such a globe acts are as well known as if twenty experiments were made.' The *Morning Herald* called on the public, 'To laugh this new folly out of practice as soon as possible.' Perhaps that is why the first balloonists in this country tended to be foreigners.

An Italian named Zambeccari released a couple of hydrogen balloons in London in November 1783. The Sussex farmer who retrieved one, far from attacking it with his pitchfork like his French counterparts, astutely exhibited it to villagers in his barn at a penny a view. A Swiss scientist named Argand demonstrated a balloon to King George at Windsor. Then in March 1784, a Scottish hack writer named James Tytler, presumably in an attempt to gain the fame and success his writings were not bringing him, tried to ascend in a Montgolfière from Edinburgh. Beset by bad weather and ill luck, and with his car smashed to pieces by a contemptuous crowd, Tytler in desperation made a couple of short hops, hanging recklessly suspended 'like a log or a piece of ballast.' Further attempts by him proved even more ignominious, and it was left to an Italian, Vincenzo Lunardi, to achieve the first popular British ascent.

Lunardi, a diplomat in London, nourished a streak of vanity and self-grandeur that recognised in the ballooning craze its perfect realisation. Brimming with Latin temperament and gallantry, he enjoyed for a season – specially with the ladies – a celebrity comparable to that of modern pop idols. Nevertheless, he had many hurdles to overcome. Previous fiascos had prejudiced both the authorities and the populace against the experiments; those entrusted with the delicate task of inflating his hydrogen balloon got drunk instead; and on the morning of his advertised ascent from Moorfields in London – September 15, 1784 – things teetered on the verge of riot, with stands collapsing, and the crowd of 150,000 growing dangerously restless.

'The notions and opinions of this motley multitude,' reported the *Gentleman's Magazine* in an interesting account, 'were certainly as various as their situations in life were different. The populace, who composed the far greater part of the company, were sure the *thing* could not be done by daylight, for no *Christian* could fly through the air, and Goblins and Sprites were not permitted to ramble abroad till the dead hour of night. The next class to these had a very little more faith than their fellows; they could not think

turn to page 50



Frenchman Jean Pierre Blanchard and American Dr John Jeffries make the first Channel crossing by balloon in 1785. Inset: Blanchard.

Courage in the clouds

continued from page 46

as how it could be that a bubble could carry a *man*, and they feared the whole story was but a bubble, and so they *divined* it would prove in the end. The middle ranks were doubtful, but not without hope. As for those of the most elevated rank, who look upon the life or death of an individual, and the good or ill success of an experiment, with equal indifference, and calculated only to kill time and contribute to their amusement, they diverted themselves with the bustle among the *canaille*, and laughed and talked of Lunardi as another Bottle Conjuror, whom all men went to see, though no man thought possible what he pretended to perform.'

At last the balloon was sufficiently inflated to make an ascent. 'A buzz and a kind of hollow murmur ran through the numerous crowd. The mob were on tiptoe, ready to mount the cockhorse of their own sagacity and to trample the imposter with all his apparatus into the earth, who had the *outlandish* impudence to tell them he could fly through the air . . . On a sudden a cannon was heard (the appointed signal), and the machine was seen to move, but in a reeling course, expressive of some defect. A few moments passed in dreadful apprehension; from which, however, the friends of Lunardi were soon relieved, and the balloon was seen to rise with all the majesty that heart could wish, to the astonishment of millions, who beheld it with a kind of awful terror, which rather closed their lips in stupid silence than prompted them to rend the air, as might have been expected, with joyful acclamations.'

Over in Whitehall, the King and his Cabinet broke off from their deliberations to peer through telescopes at the distant spectacle. Lunardi took with him in the basket a cat, a dog, and a pigeon in a case. But he trod on the cage in the excitement of lift-off, releasing the bird; and the cat became unwell (the first case of air sickness?). His lunch, too, had somehow got mixed up with the sand ballast. But as he floated over Hertfordshire at 6,000 feet, he drank a bottle of claret, nibbled some chicken, wrote a letter and cast it out attached to a handkerchief, and called down through his speaking trumpet to harvesters in a field. He made his landing at Ware. His two-hour flight had turned Lunardi from a foreign crank into a national hero, and a monument still stands in the field where he touched down to:

Let Posterity know
And knowing be astonished!
That
On the 15th day of September, 1784
Vincent Lunardi
of
Lucca in Tuscany
The First Aerial Traveller in Britain
Mounting from the Artillery Ground
in London
And traversing the Regions of the Air
For Two Hours and fifteen Minutes
in this Spot
Revisited the Earth.
On this rude Monument
For Ages be recorded
That wondrous enterprize, successfully
achieved
By the powers of Chymistry
And the fortitude of man.

His balloon (not to mention the cat!) was exhibited in Oxford Street, a commemorative medal minted, ballads sung celebrating his feat, and the ladies paraded in Lunardi hats and Lunardi garters.

The following May Lunardi made a short second flight from the Artillery Ground to Tottenham Court Road. Then on June 29, 1785 he invited three passengers – Colonel Hastings, George Biggin and Mrs Sage – to accompany him on his third ascent. But Mrs Sage proved excessively weighty, and Lunardi and the Colonel gallantly stepped down at the last moment. Biggin and Mrs Sage, neither with any previous experience of the craft, lunched blithely on chicken and wine as they passed over Piccadilly, depositing their bones and empties in the park, before landing at Harrow, where the boys from Harrow School retrieved them from the attentions of an irate farmer.

Lunardi subsequently went on a provincial tour with his balloon, and in Edinburgh copied the courteous precedent of Charles by allowing the luckless Tytler the honour of releasing his test balloon. But in 1786, when a helper fell to his death at Newcastle – the first British air fatality – the tide of popularity turned overnight to public outrage, and Lunardi was forced to transfer his operations to the Continent.

The first Englishman to make an ascent, only a couple of weeks behind Lunardi, was the redoubtable James Sadler, son of an Oxford pastrycook, who voyaged in a Montgolfière from Oxford to nearby Islip on October 4, 1784. Abandoning hot air for the speedier hydrogen, Sadler made his second ascent from the Physic Garden, Oxford, on November 12, 1784, this time landing 14 miles away near Aylesbury. The following year he made a number of further flights from

turn to page 96

Superstitious peasants attack and destroy a balloon in a forest near Leicester, circa 1850.

Courage in the clouds

continued from page 50

Moulsey Hurst, Manchester and Worcester, before a lucky escape when he was dragged across country for five miles near Lichfield persuaded him to give up the sport, and turn his attention to steam engines instead. He didn't return to ballooning until 1810, in 1812 making a daring attempt to cross the Irish sea. (His son, Windham Sadler, also a passionate balloonist, was the first to achieve this feat, in 1817.)

France had inaugurated the craze, England had taken it up: the natural development was to make a crossing from one country to the other. A Frenchman, the celecrated Jean Pierre Blanchard, together with an American, Dr John Jeffries, had the honour of being first. Finding that the Montgolfiers and Charles had seized the limelight in France, Blanchard had come to London in 1784 and made a couple of well publicised ascents in October and November with the patronage of a group of well-to-do enthusiasts, of whom Jeffries was one. As greedy for fame as Lunardi, but jealous and egotistical where Lunardi was generous and frank, Blanchard took care that, whoever was paying, it was he who was in the basket when the balloon went up. And when Jeffries, who was putting up the whole of the £700 cost of the proposed Channel flight, arrived at Dover he was disconcerted to find himself barred from all access to the balloon until the Governor of the Castle stepped in. Even at the last minute Blanchard arrived for the ascent with lead weights strapped under his clothes in the hope of ensuring that the balloon would only be able to take himself. Jeffries seemingly accepted such underhand Gallic ruses with American good humour, and when at last, on the morning of January 7, 1785, their hydrogen balloon was launched from Dover Cliff on a NNW wind into a crisp clear sky, both men were aboard. The balloon lacked lift, however, and was overburdened with equipment; Blanchard has insisted on bringing great oars and a rudder with which he imagined he could steer a course through the air. By the time they were two-thirds of the way across the Channel they had jettisoned all their ballast, and were still in difficulties.

'At about five or six miles from the French coast,' Dr Jeffries later recounted, 'we were again falling rapidly towards the sea, on which occasion my noble little captain gave orders, and set the example by beginning to strip our aerial car, first of our silk and finery: this not giving us sufficient release, we cast one wing, then the other; after which I was obliged to unscrew and cast away our moulinet; yet still approaching the sea very fast, and the boats being much alarmed for us, we cast away, first one anchor, then the other, after which my little hero stripped and threw away his great coat. On this I was compelled to follow his example. He next cast away his trousers . . .' After this aerial striptease, and as a last desperate measure, they finally had recourse to what he delicately terms a 'curious expedient' to try and lose an extra ounce of weight.

They made it to France after a crossing lasting two hours, coming down twelve miles inland in a forest, 'almost as naked as the trees . . . You would have laughed to see us, each without a coat of any sort, Mr Blanchard assisting at the valve, and I holding at the top of a lofty tree, and the balloon playing to and fro over us, holding almost too severe a contest for my arms. It took exactly twenty-eight minutes to let out air enough to relieve the balloon without injury. We soon heard the wood surrounded by footmen, horsemen, etc and received every possible assistance from them. I was soon well mounted, and had a fine gallop of seven miles.'

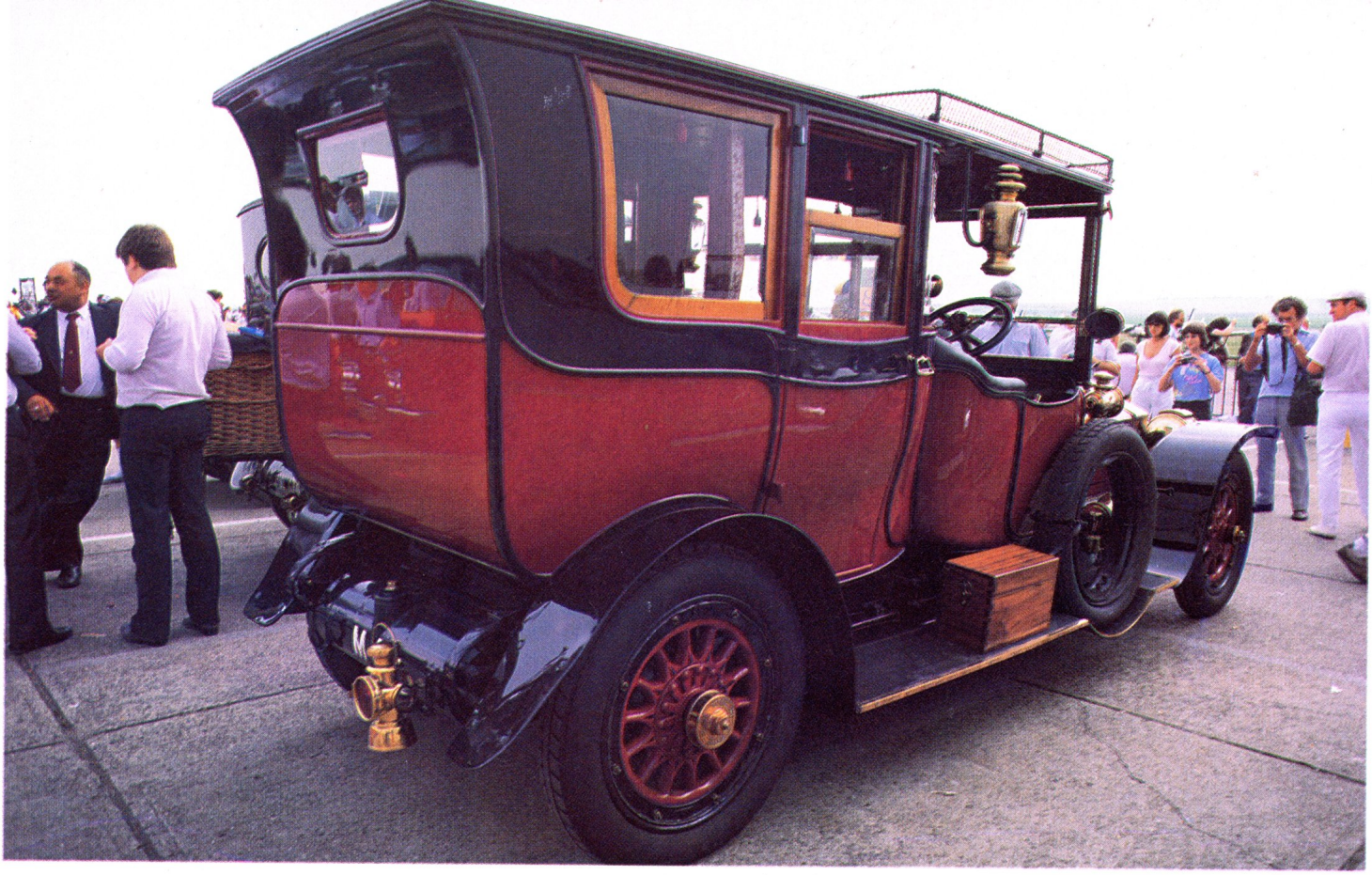
The gallop brought them to an hospitable chateau where they were sumptuously entertained for several hours before being sent on in 'an elegant chariot and six horses' to the next chateau for further celebratory refreshment. They finally arrived at Calais at two in the morning to a tumultuous welcome, the gates being specially opened for them. Blanchard was made a citizen of the town, and presented with a cask of wine, 'a compliment paid only to Royalty', as he noted. Later King Louis XVI awarded Blanchard 12,000 livres and a pension. Jeffries seems to have got nothing. A packet of letters which they took with them can be considered the first air mail. The car of their balloon is still preserved in the museum at Calais, while a marble monument marks the spot where they landed.

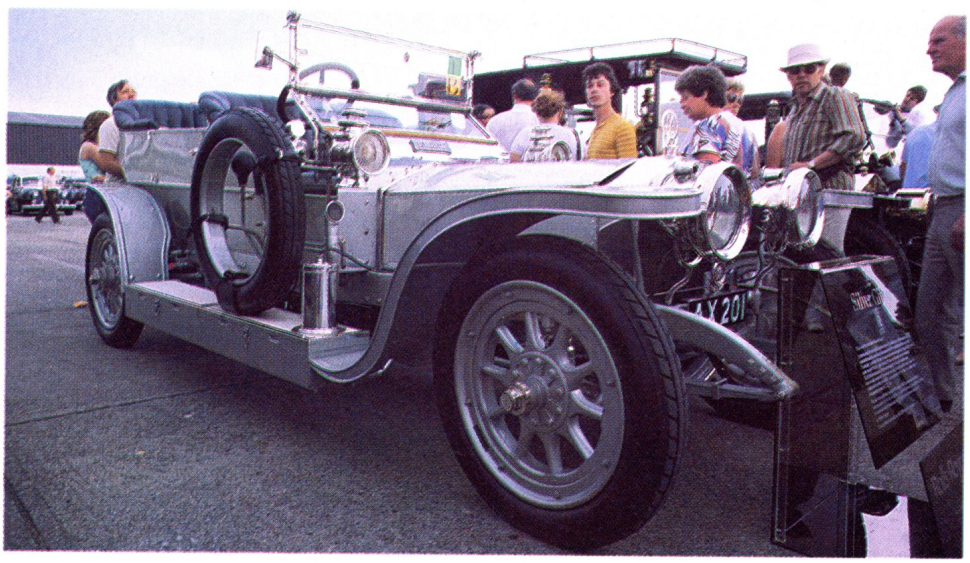
Unfortunately, like Lunardi, Blanchard later experienced the fickleness of the British public, for the Grand Aerostatic Academy which he established at Vauxhall proved a failure (despite the adjacent parking for 'several thousand carriages'), as did his attempts to drop animals by parachute, and he too subsequently retreated to Europe. This 'Adopted Citizen of the Chief Towns of the Two Worlds and Aerial Pensionary of the French Republic,' as he liked to call himself, made the first American ascent at Philadelphia in 1793, and died from a heart attack sustained during his sixtieth flight, at The Hague in 1808.

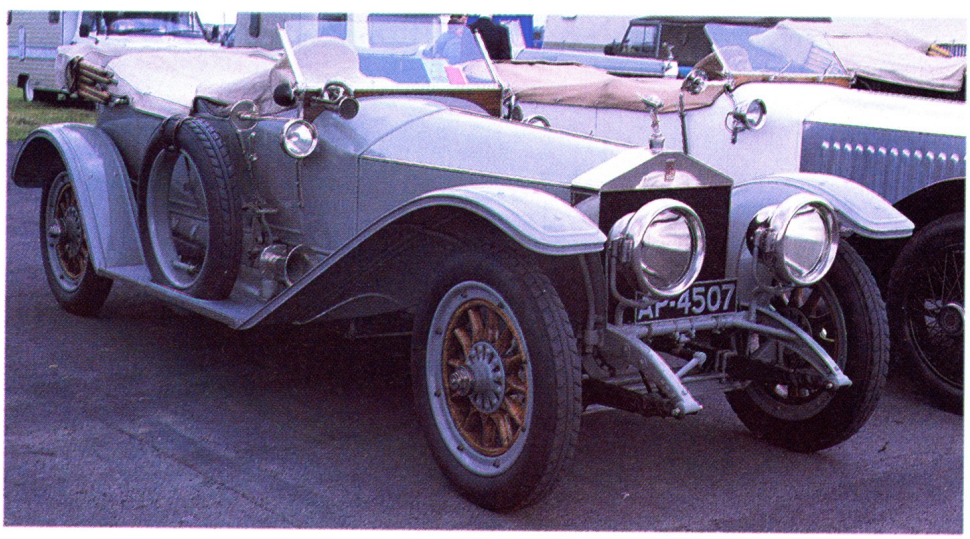
Pilâtre de Rozier, the world's first aeronaut, also died in flight – though more tragically. Having set his mind on crossing the Channel in the opposite direction to Blanchard – he promised his English fiancée, Susan Dyer, that it would be his last ascent – he constructed a cumbrous combination balloon, part hydrogen, part hot-air, which in the event proved as lethal as it was ungainly.

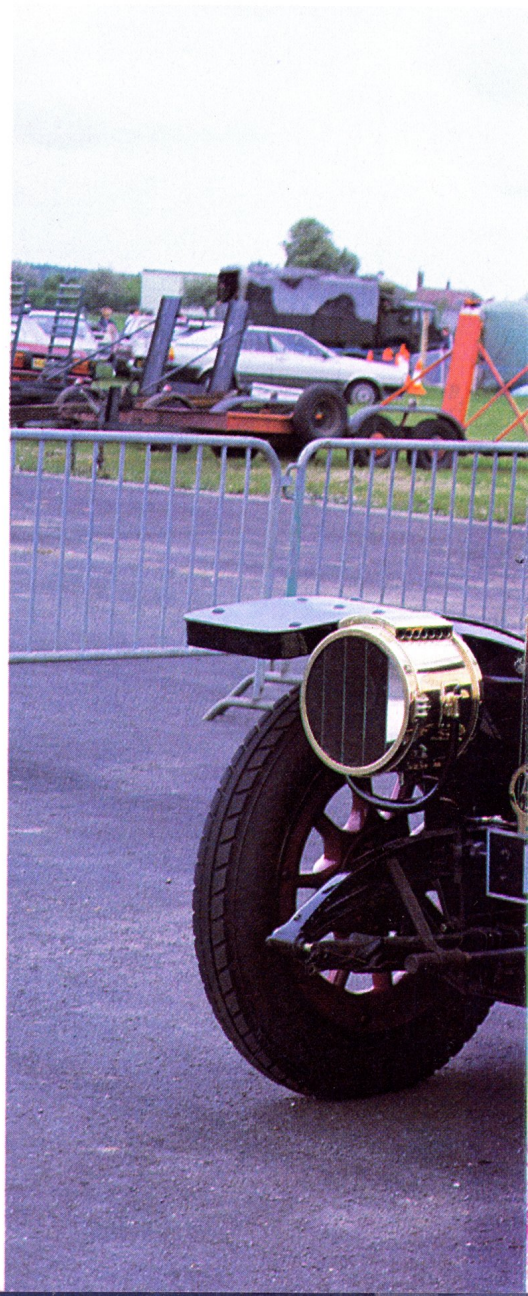
The balloon took off from Boulogne on June 15, 1785, with Rozier and his friend Jules Romain aboard. It lurched hopefully out to sea, only to encounter a contrary wind and come bobbing ominously back over the land. What happened next seems far from clear, but probably a spark caused by static electricity ignited the hydrogen valve, and the balloon caught fire. From a height of 5,000 feet the balloon and its occupants hurtled to earth, striking the ground not far from the spot where Blanchard and Jeffries had made their triumphant landing not long before. 'M de Rozier was killed on the spot,' reported the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'his belly burst, and his breast-bone broken; Monsieur Romain survived about ten minutes; one of his thighs was broken, and nearly separated from his body; before he expired, he waved his hand, in sign of being sensible.' They were found, by workmen, beneath the wrecked heap of silk and ropes that had been the Royal Balloon. Susan Dyer watched the accident happen.

This tragedy did much to quell the popular enthusiasm for ballooning. Three narrow escapes later that year – when Major Money survived by the skin of his teeth after dangling for seven hours in the sea off the Norfolk coast, and when Lunardi and Richard Crosbie had similar experiences in the Firth of Forth and Irish Sea respectively – as well as the fatality at Newcastle in 1786, added to the disillusioning impression that balloons were not the divinely safe mode of transport they had at first appeared. The first exciting chapter in the history of man's conquest of the air was over; but further developments – gliders, parachutes, kites, airships, and finally the first heavier-than-air machines – were only a matter of decades away.









Right and top left: A 1911 Silver Ghost Tulip Back limousine with a body by Lawton. Prior to 1947, all RR models had bodies coachbuilt by other companies. Below it, Rolls' own Roller, the 13th Silver Ghost, built in 1907, now owned by RR. Above: A 1913 Ghost tourer, body by Neal.

In 1904, aristocratic adventurer the Hon Charles Rolls met Henry Royce, a humble electrician. Together they made and sold cars that would be recognised as the best in the world. From that day on, everyone's ambition has been to own a Rolls-Royce

Older Rollers

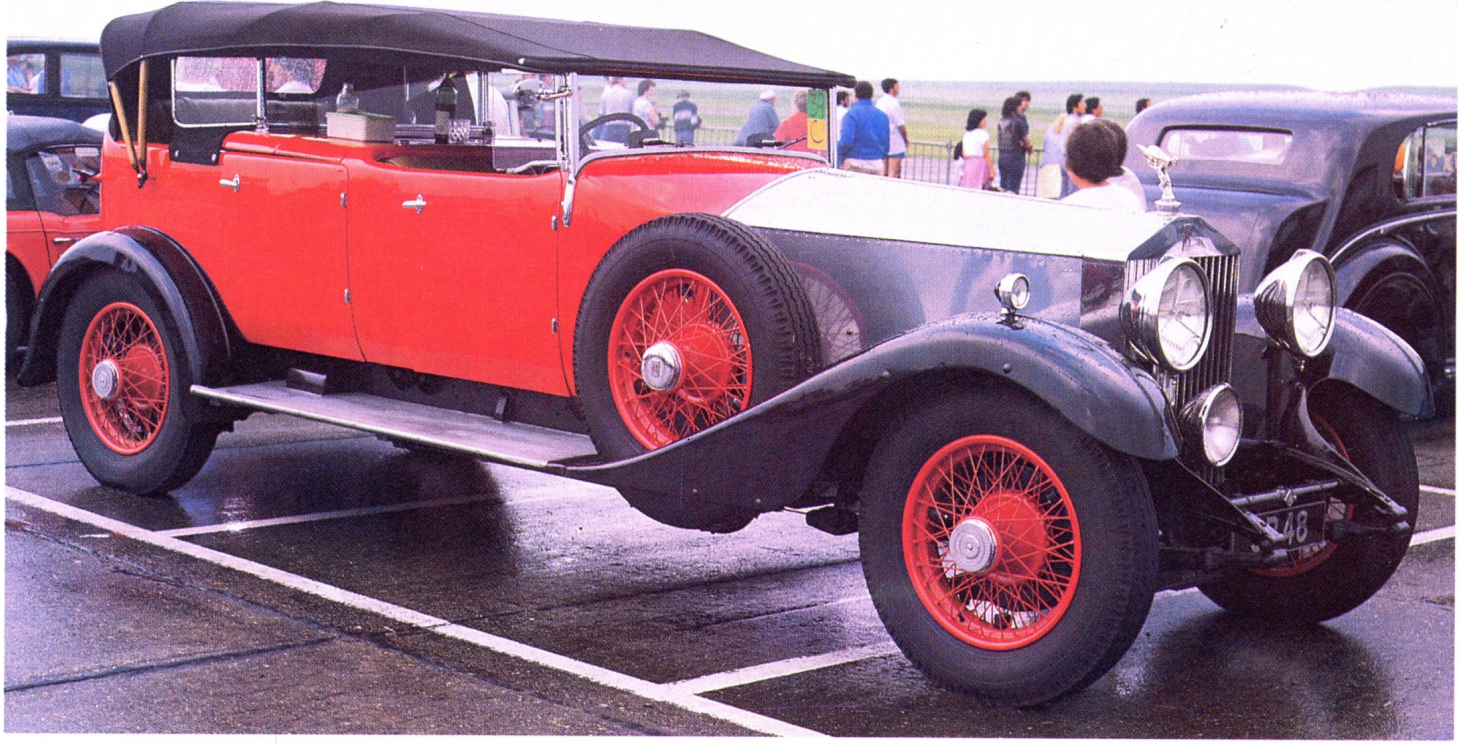
Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Ed Alexander

The romantic, sometimes exciting, story of how the Hon Charles Rolls, aristocrat, met Henry Royce, humble mechanic (his self-appointed title) to produce the 'Best Car in the World' is always worth repeating. Even omitting the many myths and nonsenses which have crept in, it remains a very remarkable tale. What it briefly amounts to is that Royce who was an impoverished but dedicated engineer, ran his electrical business so conscientiously that he was able to afford an early motor-car. He then decided he could make a far better one of his own. Whilst Rolls, a young adventurer, balloonist and budding aviator, had exactly the right connections (he was already a motor trader) for selling such a desirable car.

The story runs on almost as if it were the invention of a skilled novelist. In 1904 Royce came up from his Manchester factory with an excellent little two-cylinder 1.8-litre job, that ran more quietly and smoothly than most of the cars of that period. Three were made, and Royce the electrician was launched on a new career that was to absorb his interests and his energy as never before. Eventually it undermined his health. But it earned him a knighthood – albeit for his work on the Rolls-Royce aero-engine that won the coveted Schneider Trophy for Britain in perpetuity. This was a contest between racing seaplanes that were, in the late 1920's and early 1930's, the fastest flying machines around.

The experimental 12hp Royces were followed by a delectable 10hp model, still

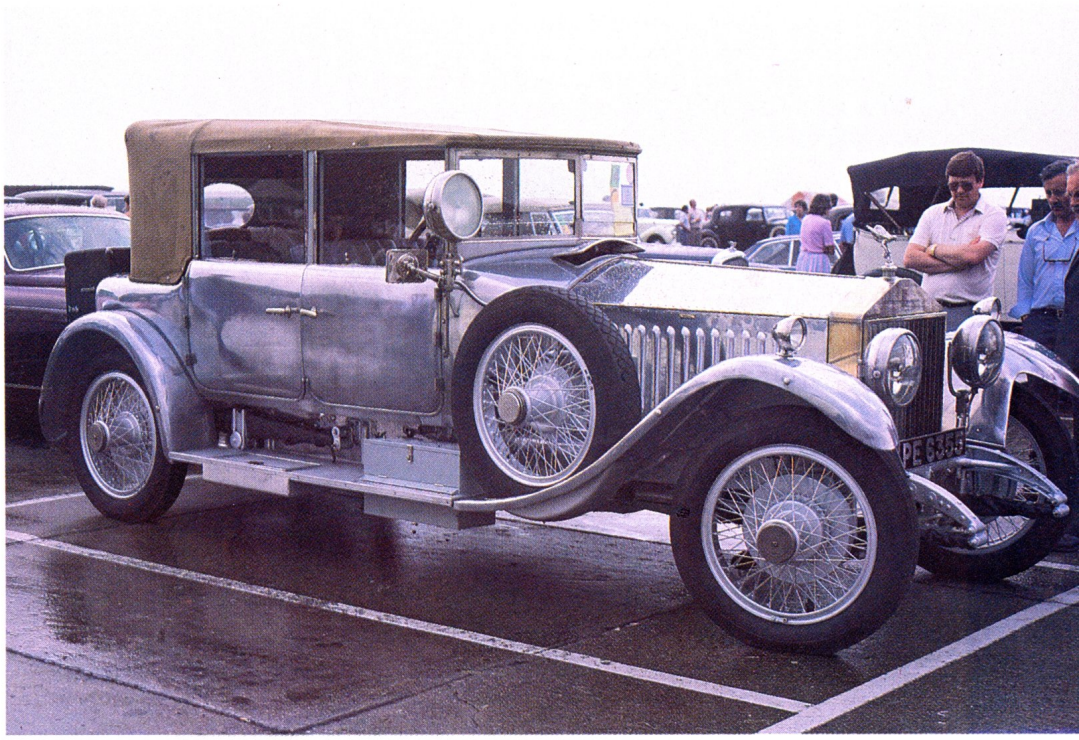
AdultMagazinesPDF.com

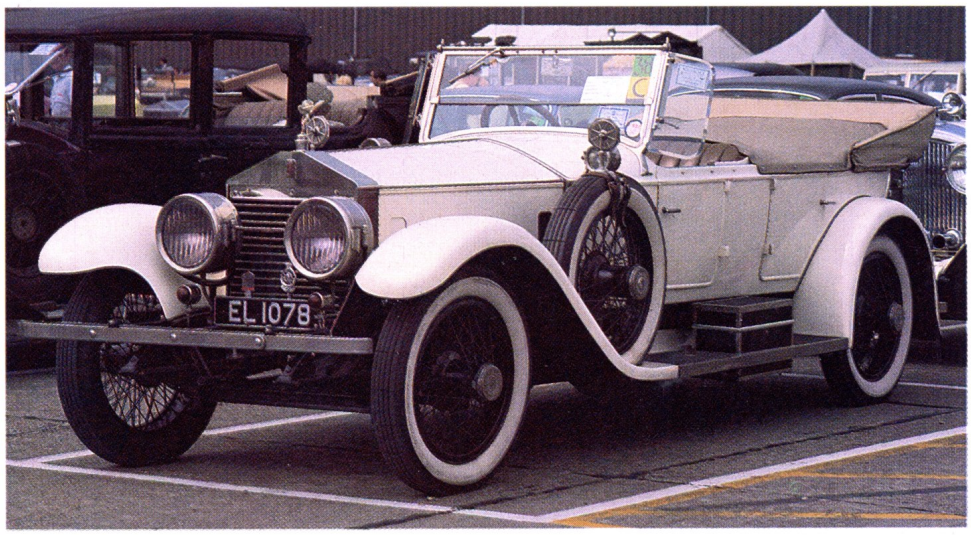


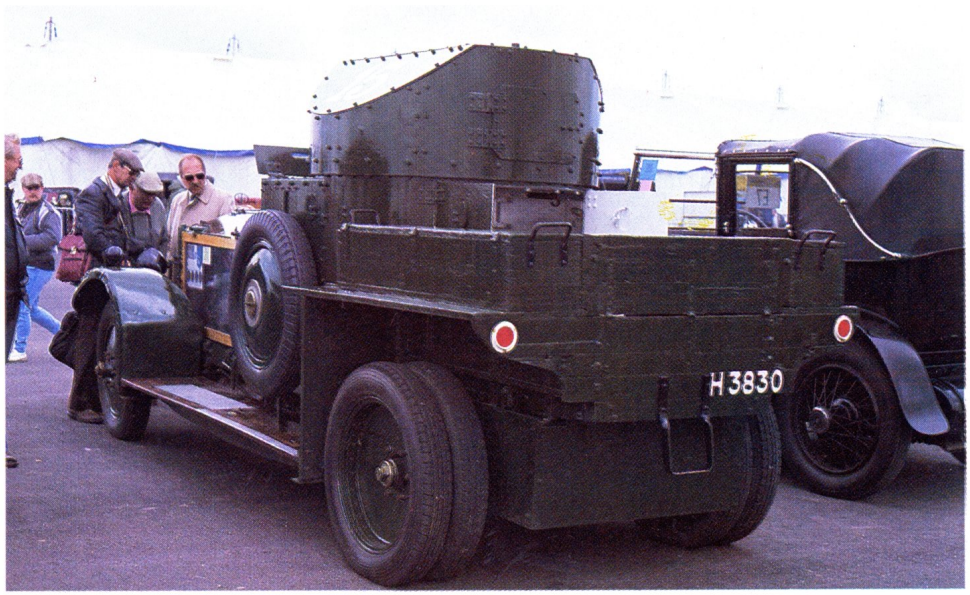
AdultMagazines.com

with only two cylinders, which was put into production. Sixteen were built between 1904 and 1906. But the young Rolls had clients who wanted larger, more powerful automobiles. So, in 1905, Royce came up with a 15hp three-cylinder, 3-litre car, only six of which were constructed. But the rhythm had begun. Royce was to employ a method of doubling-up on similar-sized cylinders and other engine components when new and bigger cars were called for, and this remained Rolls-Royce policy for a long time to come. Thus from 1905 to 1906 he was able to supply Rolls with a 4-litre 20hp four-cylinder car, now known as a Rolls-Royce, using the same 4 × 5 inch cylinders as on the 15hp car. This was the breakthrough that the wealthy aristocrat salesman had been waiting for. In spite of the precision of manufacture and careful checking of every part, Rolls persuaded Royce to lay down 40 of these Twenties. Today, there are only a couple of survivors.

Moreover, there was a ready means of

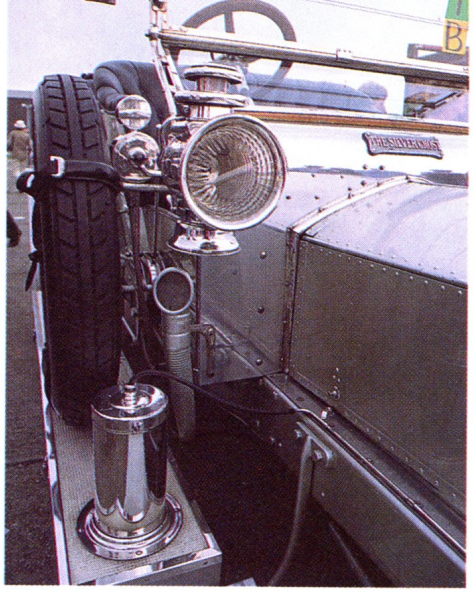


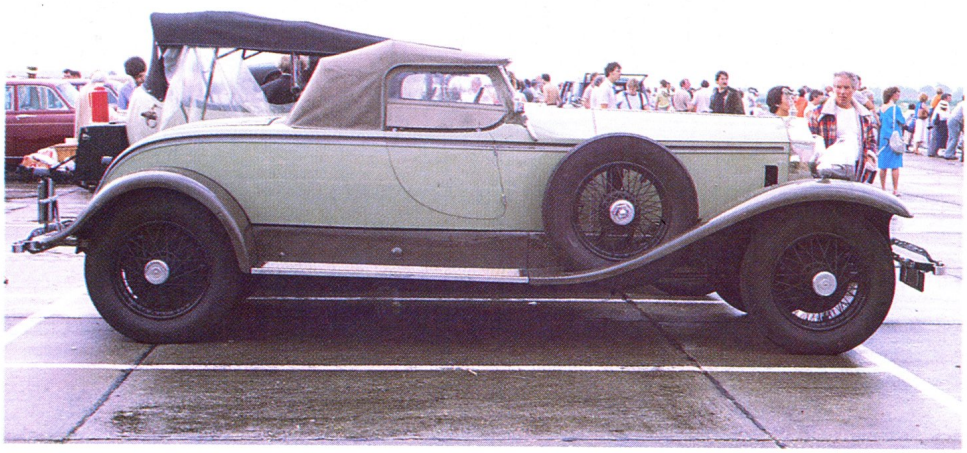


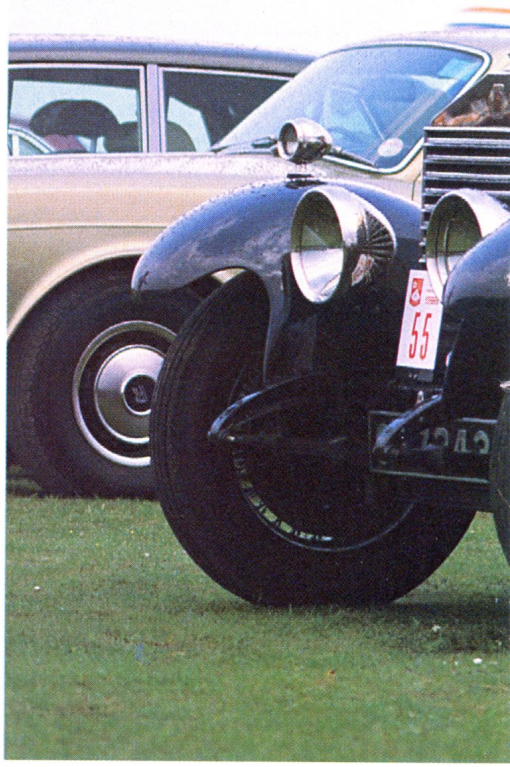


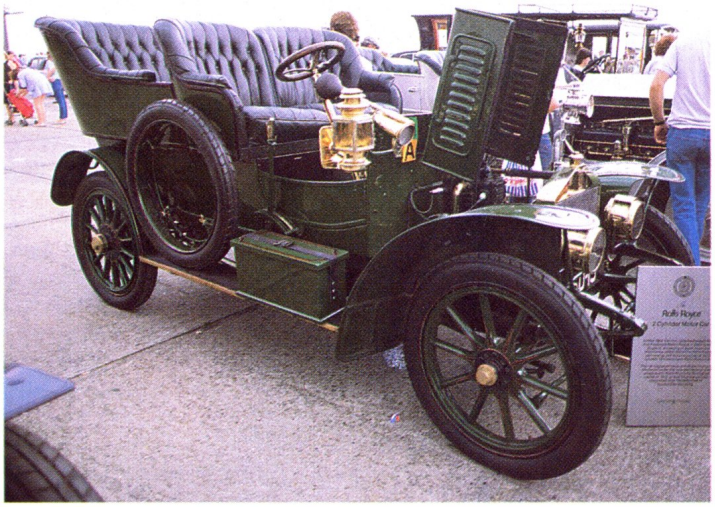
Above and large picture left: Not all Rolls-Royces are luxurious. This armoured car was used in World War One. Top left: This Phantom Tourer with a body by Panther was built in 1928. Top right: A 1925 Phantom 1 all-weather cabriolet; coachwork by H J Mulliner. The Phantom 1 was built between 1925 and 1929, and contained Rolls' largest engine – 7,668cc. Below it, a 40/50 Silver Ghost Pall Mall tourer, built in 1922. Body by Smith Springfield of Massachusetts.

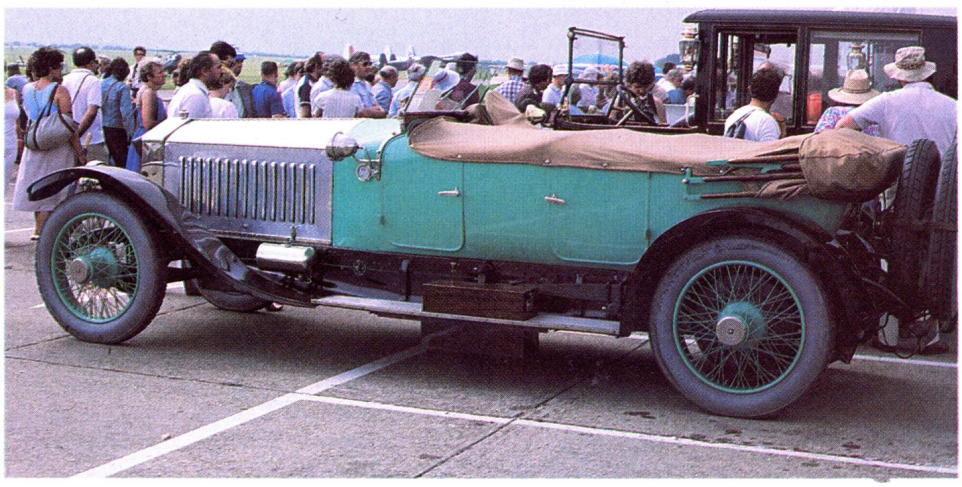
publicising their qualities and performance. The Hon C S Rolls was a keen exponent of motor racing and intrepid record-breaking runs, such as driving as quickly as possible from London to Monte Carlo. So he was the fellow to drive one of the new 20hp Rolls-Royces in the fashionable Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Race. Two were entered for the 1905 contest for touring cars over an arduous 208 miles. Percy Northy, celebrated RR test driver had one, Rolls the other. A 30hp Rolls-Royce has been lent to the race organisers, for their personal use, no doubt another Rolls publicity ploy. Rolls was flagged away first but, alas, broke his gearbox, and gave as an excuse possible foul play. Northy was less ham-handed, and came home second behind the Scots driver











Top right: A Rolls-Royce 20hp tourer with Barker coachwork built in 1924. Two pictures below it: Left, Rolls first production model, a two-cylinder, 10hp car made soon after the partnership formed in 1904. Right, A 1928 Phantom 1 with an unusual boat tail, Near left: From 1914, a Silver Ghost Alpine tourer with Portholme body, Far left: The Black Diamond, *a 1928 Phantom Sports saloon with bodywork by Hooper, once owned by the Oppenheimer family. Above it is another version of the Phantom 1, a 1925 Piccadilly roadster. Top left: Detail from the 1907 Silver Ghost seen earlier.*

Arrol-Johnston, having done 33.7 mph and with 6.6 *pints* of petrol left.

That was good publicity for the rising RR make, but in 1906 the Honourable C S Rolls won the TT outright in a 20hp Rolls-Royce, at 39.43 mph for 161 miles, after making the fastest lap at just under 40 mph. This time there was just 0.131 of a gallon of petrol left.

In later years Rolls-Royce did not deign to race their cars, and private owners had to ask permission to do so, if the guarantee was not to be invalidated. But up to 1914 they were glad to obtain the advertisement of doing well in all manner of trials and RAC-observed runs. The sheer near-perfection of these chassis contributed to the popularity of the now immortal make, and from 1907 Rolls got what he had really wanted for his illustrious clients – a big, powerful car, in the guise of the 40/50hp Silver Ghost.

The Ghost was Royce's only model for many years, and established its reputation with a fabulous trouble-free 15,000-mile run. Soon the slogan 'Best Car in the World' was applied to this ghostly-quiet, six-cylinder Rolls-Royce. Snide-minded people said it was bestowed by the company itself, but the Ghost became a motoring legend. This is understandable, in spite of the might of the big six-cylinder Napiers, and the preference of the British Royal Family for the Coventry-built Daimlers. By 1909 Daimlers had resorted to the oily American-origin Knight double-sleeve-valve engine to match the near silence of the Rolls. There were also a number of formidable competitors from the European Continent like the Panhards, Delaunay-Bellevilles and Renaults.

It is not difficult to see why the Rolls-Royce 40/50hp chassis was regarded as the best up to and after the 1914-18 war. Noise, even if muted, had to be endured in many cars, from gears as well as engines and rattling coachwork. Gear changing was often regarded as a nightmare to be avoided, but only very flexible power-units could cope with most of a day's driving in top gear. Reliability was not then as universal as all motorists hoped. On these counts the 7-litre, or 7½-litre from the 1909 Rolls-Royce was supreme. And the RR mystique counted for something too.

Then, tragically, Rolls was killed in a flying accident at Bournemouth in 1910. But by then Henry Royce, mechanic, had got the message. He made 6,173 40/50s from 1907 to 1925, moving to a fine new factory in Derby to do so. Sour people pointed out that the Silver Ghost engine was an untidy concept, resembling a Christmas tree, with its miriad of external pipes, wires and rods. Someone else, a great engineer to boot, observed that it was a triumph of good workmanship over design. Another dig at Rolls-Royce was that it was largely the war-profiteers who bought the post-1918 models, whereas the aristocracy and gentlemen preferred the anonymity of a Daimler.

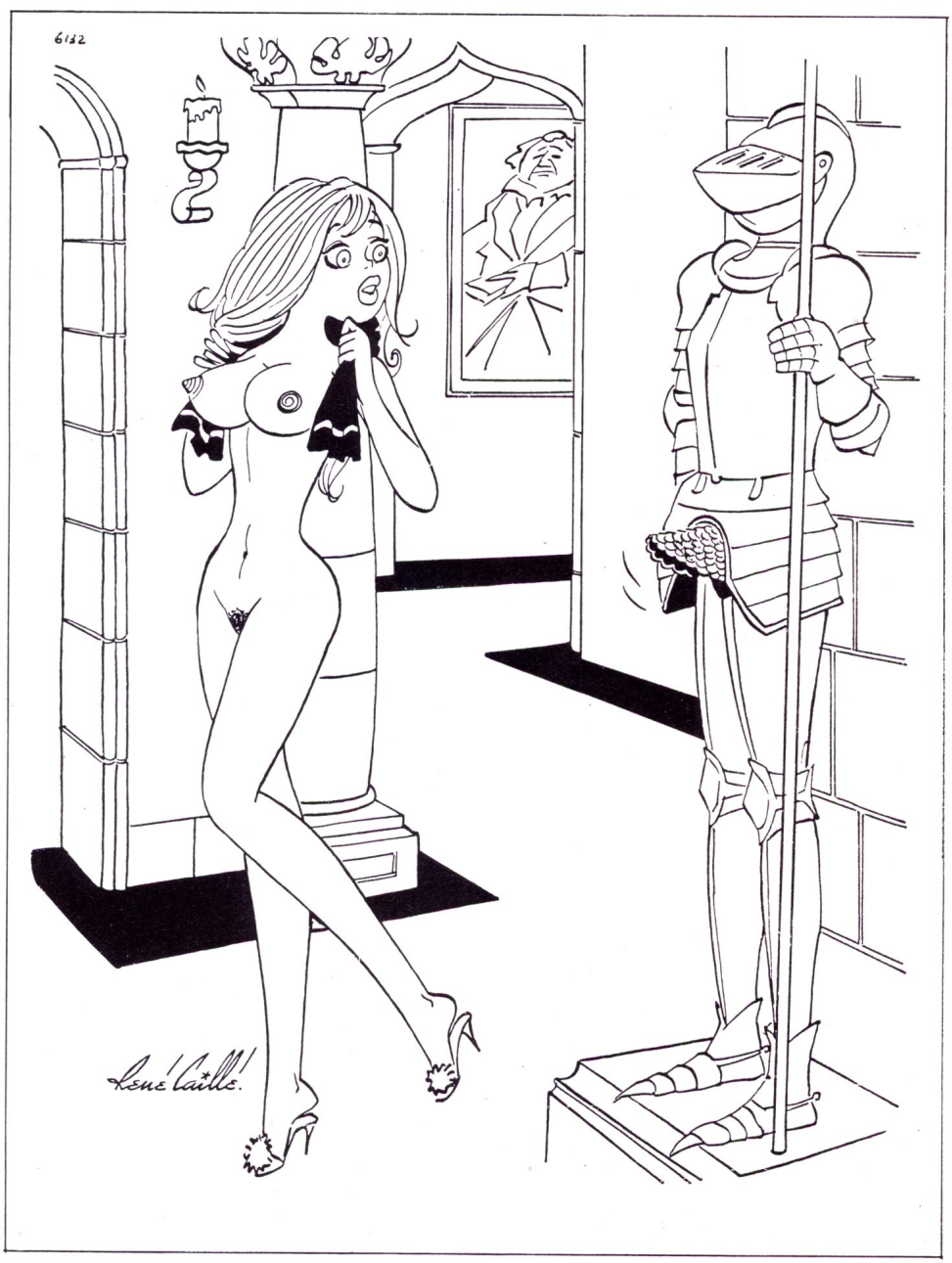
The fact is that for most of those who could afford it, the 40/50hp Rolls-Royce was the most satisfactory car available. It was even manufactured as an armoured car. Production was started in America, and another 1,701 Springfield Ghosts were made there, between 1921 and 1926.

Legends grew up around the make; the Rolls-Royce School for Chauffeurs; travelling ex-public-school R-R Inspectors who went about making sure all the customers' cars were in good fettle; the dignified showrooms in London's elite West End. It is not surprising that Rolls-Royce remained the top car, as it does today.

Nevertheless, no-one is infallible, and even Henry Royce had his set-backs. The Rolls-Royce 30 that had preceded the Ghost suffered from vibration problems, and Royce had to use a friction vibration-damper for its six-cylinder engine. In 1912, in the prestigious Alpine Trial, a Ghost was unable to restart at an altitude of 2,000 feet in bottom gear on one of the 1-in-4 gradients. (The gearbox was quickly re-designed for the 1913 Alpine Trials, in which Rolls-Royce swept all before them . . .). In 1922, Royce came up with his new Rolls-Royce 20 for those not quite rich enough to still run a 40/50. He was soundly criticised in some quarters for using a gearbox in unit with the engine, controlled by a central gear lever as on current American cheap cars, and push-rod-prodded overhead-valves for the six-cylinder 3,127cc engine. I do not imagine for a moment that Royce had seen that with a central gearstick, a chauffeur's left hand might stray towards the legs of a maid riding in front with him; but it is a fact of history that later Rolls-Royces reverted to a separate gearbox and a right-hand gear lever, which invariably went up the driver's trouser-leg!

The great Silver Ghost, or if you are a purist, the 40/50 RR, was replaced in 1925 by the new Phantom, using an overhead-valve engine like that in the 20, of which 2,940 were made by 1929. Royce had had more problems getting the mechanical-servo four-wheel-brake system right for the Ghost, borrowing from Hispano Suiza and Renault, and perfecting what he found. Most cars were braked that way before RR adopted it. With such splendid anchorage ready in time for the last of the Ghosts and the new Phantom, Rolls-Royce were then ready to revise the dating chassis. For 1930 the faster, better handling Phantom II was announced, after 2,212 British and 1,225 (up to 1931) American Rolls-Royce new Phantoms had been built.

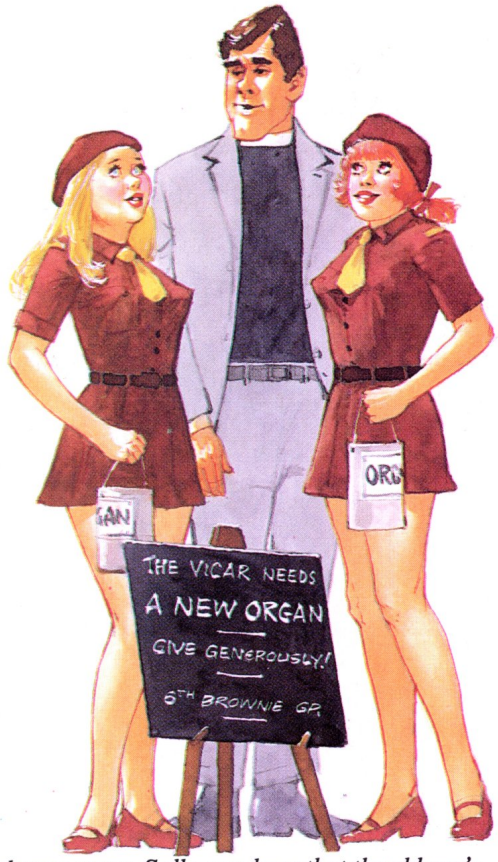
The position of Rolls-Royce was supreme. What happened after that is another story in its own right.



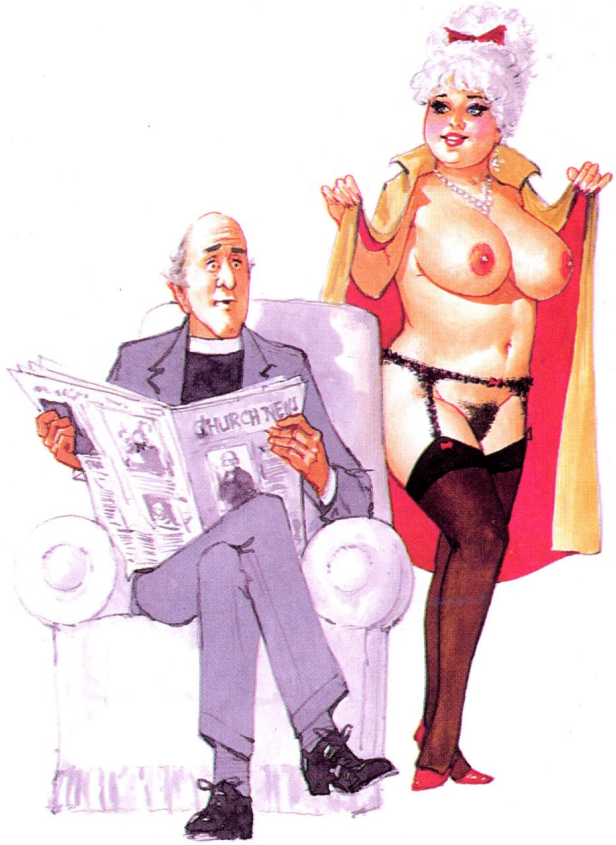
'I appreciate the Church Chronicle's *circulation needs a boost, but this is not Fleet Street.'*

FAITH, GROPE AND CHARITY

Fund raising for the church need not be a fete worse than death, says cartoonist Brian Forbes. Try a little sex appeal

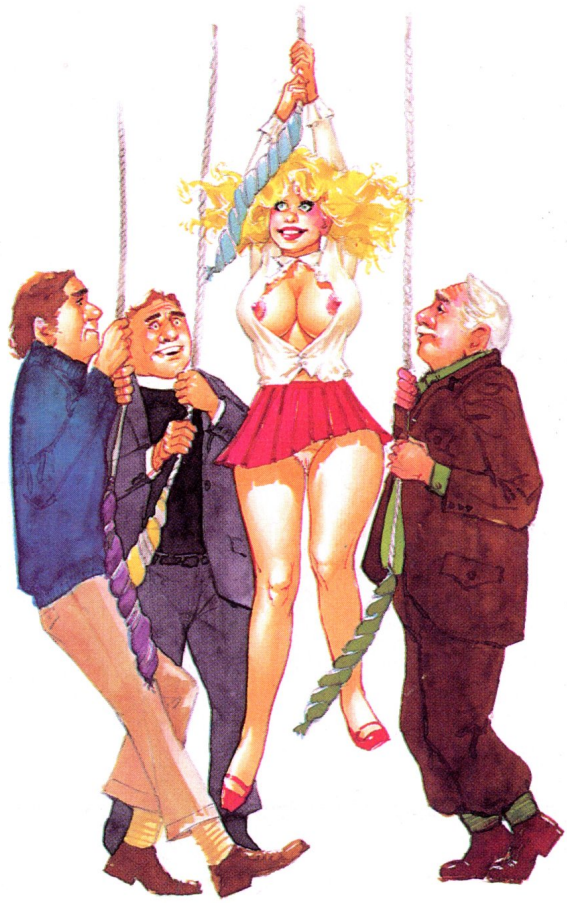


'What do you mean, Sally, you hear that the old one's still got plenty of life left in it?'



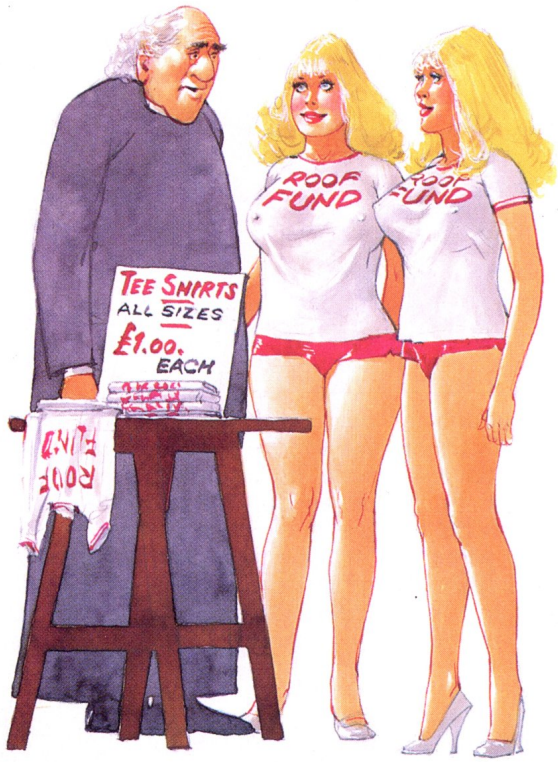
'Yes, Marjorie, it would help church funds but I can't see any of the Women's Guild volunteering to deliver kissograms.'

'I don't understand it, Virginia, you've more than quadrupled last year's takings.'



'Pull harder, gentlemen. I want everyone who gave towards the new bells to share our moment of rejoicing.'

'This year we thought we'd liven up the home-made wine contest a little, Bishop.'



'Thank you, girls. Your teeshirts have made lots of people more aware of flying buttresses.'

'Might I suggest, Thompson, that spending the money on a new lawn mower might do more to cut down sin in the parish.'

Sagging shorts, socks, and silly sun hat?

Oh golly, no - it's a Holiday Wally!

He's the man who windsurfs in his socks, does dreadful impressions and can't find the hotel without his specs. A right Wally in fact, and you can guarantee that there will be one on every holiday

Humour by Mike Gerrard

There's always one, isn't there? On *every* holiday. I refer to a member of that human sub-species, or do I mean sub-human species, the Holiday Wally. Every year the heat of summer makes them burst forth in their full plumage of socks, sandals, sun hats, and the baggiest shorts known to mankind.

Holiday guide-books tend to be very good on things like museums and cathedrals, beaches and eating places, but they omit the most important features in any tourist resort: the best places to hide from the Holiday Wally. Indeed, so prevalent has the Holiday Wally menace become that I believe there are now several scientific research establishments working furiously on producing an effective Wally-repellant in handy aerosol form.

First, though, you need to identify the Wally. He's the one sitting opposite you on the train or in the airport lounge, racily flashing his white shins above the maroon Marks and Spencer socks and plastic sandals. He's the life-and-soul-of-the-party-type, the one who you're praying won't stand up when they call your flight, and the one you hope will be in another hotel when you get there. He's the one you're sharing a room with.

Or at least he could be if you're not careful. Never begrudge that 'single room supplement'. I was fortunate, and learned my lesson fairly painlessly the first summer I went abroad on my own. Being young, innocent and broke, I thought I'd take my chances, and share a room, saving a few francs that could be better spent at the hotel bar.

Now there wasn't too much wrong with Eric (which wasn't his real name, though most Holiday Wallies seem to be called Eric or Malcolm) just that we weren't exactly birds of a feather. His idea of a good time was to be in bed by half-past-nine, which is not something I would automatically discount, but I would prefer a companion other than Agatha Christie. The realisation that there are some people you should simply not share rooms with (and I refuse to take the chance to this day) came a few days into the holiday. After a particularly raucous evening, I crawled back at dawn to go to bed at the precise moment Eric was getting up for his early morning constitutional along the beach.

In Wally terms Eric was a rank amateur, blessed only with the ability to drone on for thirty minutes without pausing for breath on a wide range of fascinating subjects, like the comparative merits of oven cleaners, or the statistical probability of your flight home crashing. I'm thankful my early encounter wasn't with a fully-fledged professional such as Fred, who was on a villa party holiday in Greece one year.

Fred had the requisite Wally uniform, including the deathly white skin guaranteed to turn lobster-red just as sure as if he'd climbed into an oven at Regulo five. But what set him apart in Wally terms was that he was extremely short-sighted.

His first misadventure was on the second night of the holiday, when staff and guests cycled into the nearby village for a drink. Or ten. A couple of the staff went back first, and suggested Fred return with them, having already had evidence of Fred's short-sightedness when he walked into a six-foot Greek barman, spilling a pint of lager down him. They also suggested that Fred return as the rest of us would be in the village disco till all hours. Saturday Night Fever for the Holiday Wally is a cup of hot chocolate and an extra Phylosan. But Fred insisted on

staying a while longer, and making his own way back. We didn't think he could go too far wrong, as there was only one road out of the village, and apart from a solitary hotel, the villa was the only building. Short of wandering into the 200-room hotel, and getting undressed in someone else's bedroom, we imagined he might make it back. The returning staff said they'd even switch all the villa's lights on so Fred couldn't miss it. Of course he did. At breakfast next morning a puzzled Fred described how he must have gone sailing past on his bike, only realising something was wrong when he ran out of road, going head-first onto a deserted beach which was, as he described it, 'half-way to bleeding Turkey.'

And this, bear in mind, was when he was wearing his glasses. Imagine the problems when he took them off to go swimming. He explained that as the villa was a large isolated white building, he could usually spot it, and swim back. One day we were getting a little concerned when someone noticed that Fred was no longer swimming off the beach. Eventually this rather exhausted figure came puffing and panting along the road. He'd been swimming, decided he'd had enough, spotted a white building, and swam back to shore, unfortunately to the white hotel half a mile away. He repeated the feat another day, paddling a kayak.

In this particular villa, pairs of rooms backed onto each other, with the showers sharing a ventilation hole. This meant it was possible to hear what was happening in the room next door – single people who were in rooms next to couples deriving a certain amount of innocent pleasure from the unavoidable eavesdropping. During the holiday I'd got quite close, shall we say, to a young lady, whose room backed onto Fred's. We'd got used to our early morning cuddles being interrupted by the sound of Fred having a shower, a shave and . . . occasionally something else, but the musical accompaniment one morning had us biting the pillows to try to stifle the hysterical laughter. It wasn't just that Fred's singing was tuneless and slow, we'd got used to that, but also his choice of song. When for some unaccountable reason he added *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* to his repertoire, the only pounding the bedsprings got that morning was from our fists as we doubled up with laughter.

I believe that several scientific researchers are working furiously on producing an effective Wally-repellant in handy aerosol form

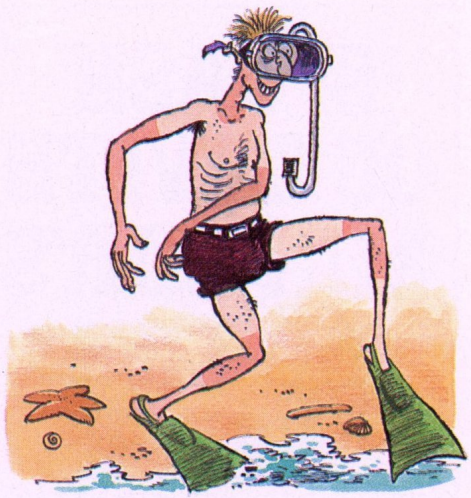
A good Holiday Wally like Fred doesn't do things by halves, and his misadventures were legion. He borrowed someone's snorkelling equipment one day, and went flapping down the beach in his flippers and droopy trunks, wearing the mask the wrong way so that the breathing tube dangled down. We were all agog, wondering if he'd notice before taking the plunge. He didn't and came up spluttering with a mouthful of the Aegean, which might have looked wine-dark but obviously didn't have a taste to match.

Another day Fred decided to put up a beach umbrella. Years of experience dictate that the Wally never does the sensible thing, like waiting till he reaches his spot before opening it. The Wally decides to open it up first, and then walk fifty yards down a windy beach with it. After an initial struggle, the wind took command, and suddenly changed direction, pinning Fred to the ground with the umbrella across his peeling chest. He lay there, and wriggled for a while like an upended tortoise before eventually being rescued by the windsurf instructor.

Windsurfing reminds me of one of several prize Wallies I added to the collection on just one recent holiday in Corsica. I was down on the beach with a group of people from the villa where I was staying, admiring a bronzed beauty who looked very fetching dressed only in a tanga. She certainly fetched me to the same spot of beach every day. I'm not saying she was well-endowed but when she lay on her front, and laughed, the entire beach wobbled. I shall be forever grateful to the anonymous Wally who made her laugh repeatedly.

In contrast to this lady's minimum of clothing, he was wearing the inevitable costume. It made me wonder if there's a special outfitters somewhere in England doing a roaring trade with the complete Wally look: shorts so roomy Cyril Smith could do a three-point turn in them, some kind of silly headgear, and the essential sandals and socks. This particular Wally had them all – and this was to go windsurfing! He actually went out on his board wearing socks and sandals, but he did show a perfect mastery of his art. Unfortunately it wasn't the art of windsurfing, but Walliness. With unfailing regularity he would haul his sail up out of the water, and with equal regularity it was be wrenched from his hands, and he would be wrenched from his hands, and he ing completely, save for his battered white sun hat. Quite why he had to keep his hat on, no-one was sure about. Half the beach was watching this magnificent open-air entertainment, which was amusing the first time but became hysterical after twenty or thirty of his dips into the briny.

That evening, going into a bar with a friend, we spotted the bronzed lady and her fortunate boyfriend so went over to ask why they seemed to find that morning's activities particularly amusing. It turned out that the



'Fred in his flippers and droopy trunks went flapping down the beach with his mask the wrong way so that the breathing tube dangled down'

Wally was staying at their hotel, and had strolled over to sit down at the breakfast table on the first morning. He introduced himself with a breezy and confident, 'Hello, I'm a windsurfer, you know.' After this the performance on the beach had been the couple's first chance to watch the man's prowess . . . He showed about as much windsurfing ability as the average giraffe with arthritis.

That Corsican holiday provided a wealth of Wallies. In addition to the Windsurfer Kid, there was the rather scatty lady who'd livened up the villa's weekly barbecue party by trying to walk from one side of the patio to the other. Not a difficult feat, provided you remembered there was a goldfish pond half-way across. The resultant splash almost doused the barbecue, and provided grilled goldfish as a free extra.

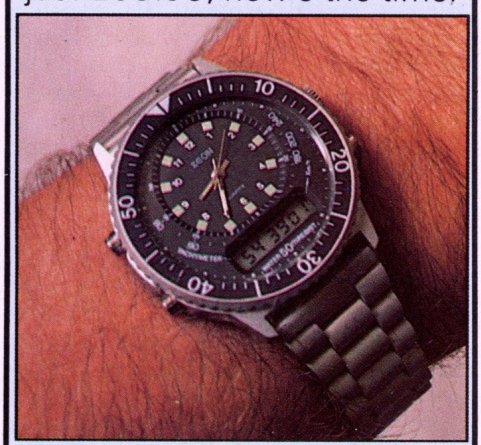
And then there was Wally. I've changed his name to avoid the libel suits, but there can be no more appropriate name than Wally itself. He was staying at our villa, and endeared himself to us in many little ways. Once he went into the roughest bar in this Corsican town, and insisted on lemon tea – the previous year a villain had been wiped out in it by a shotgun.

He went for a walk one afternoon, and over the evening meal waxed lyrical about the beautiful lavender-like smell he'd encountered. 'I wonder what it was?' he asked. 'I expect it was the lavender,' someone explained.

Wally was the type who'd ask if anyone had seen the salt while he was holding it in his hand, and naturally he was fussy about what he would eat. This being a villa party holiday, where the villa girl cooks an evening meal for everyone every day, the booking form asked you to state if you had any dietary requirements. On arrival our villa girl said, 'So no special diets this week?' 'Oh no,' Wally said, adding after a perfectly timed comic pause. 'Except that I don't eat red meat.' The villa girl promptly threw the week's planned recipes out of the window, with Wally lucky he didn't follow them. Serve him right – while we enjoyed a typical

SPLASH OUT...WITH MAYFAIR'S DIVER'S WATCH

The ideal present for the adventurous man, *Mayfair's* watch offers quartz accuracy with a host of features. It's irresistibly masculine, and at just £39.95, now's the time.



Superbly accurate quartz timekeeping * Digital and analogue display * Waterproof to 50 metres * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Stop watch accurate to 1/100th second * Alarm * Day/Date calendar * Hourly chime * Rotating bezel * 12/24 hour format * Mineral glass * 1 year guarantee.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me ..... watches at £39.95. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SIGNATURE _____

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO). M208

Corsican meal one evening, Wally was given cauliflower cheese.

He also had three 'jokes'. One was to try to impersonate foreign accents. Any mention of the name Japan, even in the middle of a serious conversation, would result in Wally saying, 'Ah-so, Ah-So, Ah-So.' Yes, what an Ah-So he was. His idea of a French accent was 'Hoh-Hoh-Hee-Haw,' and after eighteen times a day, he was lucky we didn't nail his sandals to the floor – through his feet. This joke is particularly unamusing when you're standing in a Corsican car-hire office waiting for two locals to finish their conversation, and Wally chimes in with 'Hoh-Hoh-Hee-Haw' in a braying voice that could be heard half-way to Paris. He was most surprised when it came to our turn that the woman behind the desk was extremely surly.

If you wonder what I was doing in the company of an archetypal Holiday Wally, I'm afraid that in an early show of bonhomie, I'd agreed to join him and two others in sharing the cost of hiring a car for the day. Never was a day so long. Wally couldn't drive because he got vertigo, he said, which was a problem on some of Corsica's coastal roads. We did sympathise with him, realising that at only five-foot-three in his celebrity lifts he wasn't used to great heights. So we accepted his offer to navigate instead. This was a foolish move which resulted in us going the wrong way round the island, and driving on mountain roads in the dusk instead of daylight.

Even in the passenger seat, Wally was a back-seat driver, at first contributing helpful remarks like 'SLOW DOWN! SLOW DOWN!!' and 'THIRD GEAR!' I wasn't driving at the time, thank goodness, as I don't think I could have shown quite the same restraint as the other driver. Maybe he had the right idea. He said nothing, put his foot down, and for ten or fifteen minutes bombed along the coastal roads as near to the edge as he could. That shut Wally up – well, you can't talk when your mouth's full.

On my most recent holiday to Rhodes, I was fortunate enough not to have a Close Encounter of the Wally Kind, though a distant encounter was equally horrific. A group of us were eating in a restaurant one night, just getting ready to leave, when another group of about eight men and girls sat at nearby tables. One of the men, and I use the term loosely, began doing impersonations of Neil, the hippy from TV's *The Young Ones*. In fact, he couldn't stop. For five minutes, while we tried to hurriedly pay the bill his only contributions to the conversation were 'Far out ... oh, heavy man ... don't hassle me ... haven't they got any lentils, man?' If we hadn't been leaving I think one of us would certainly have been driven to sticking his head in the nearest moussaka. After that, every time we went looking for somewhere to eat in the evening our decision was not made after a look at the menu but after a listen to the customers.

'Neil' was on the flight home, but the Greek gods must have decreed that I'd suffered enough over the years as he wasn't sitting next to me. Two of his friends were, though! He occasionally stopped by for a chat, and I never heard his normal voice one. After

'A Wally who insists on using a fake French accent is particularly unamusing when you are standing in a Corsican car hire office'

about the third visit I'd have willingly swopped all my duty-free goods for a parachute – and stuffed it in his mouth. It could be the start of a whole new breed: The Alternative Wally.

One definite Wally trait is to try to make up for his own dull and boring personality by doing these wretched impersonations. The earlier Wally who had only three jokes, did Alan Whicker impressions. Anyone who saw the hilarious BBC documentary *Package Holiday* a few years ago is sure to remember the Manchester character who fancied himself as Rod Hull by taking his own Emu puppet wherever he went. It was quite obviously just an excuse to allow him to grope any nearby females. I think my idea of hell would be to be confined for a fortnight with these three characters doing their appallingly bad take-offs of Alan Whicker, Emu and Neil.

But we shouldn't be too hard, I suppose. We're all capable of Walliness on occasion. On the Walliful Corsican holiday of windsurfers and Whicker, I managed to walk into the closed half of a plate-glass door, causing Corsican hysterics, and fortunately doing more damage to my ego than to the glass. As everyone pointed out, this was as I was walking *into* the bar, not out.

Also on the Walliful holiday was David, who doesn't really count as he told this story of holiday Walliness against himself, about the first time he went on the piste a few years earlier. His first skiing trip, he'd attended the beginners' class for two days, then missed one through a slight cold. The next day he was a few minutes late, and set off to catch up with his group, which he could see skiing down the nursery slopes. The run twisted and turned a little, but he more or less kept them in view, and then noticed that the flags marking the route had changed colour. As a beginner, he knew that the different coloured flags meant different things, but he couldn't remember what. He thought that red flags would obviously signal danger, and the black ones he was seeing must be for beginners, easily visible against snow. A reasonable assumption, except that it's completely

turn to page 82

Our ladies are waiting...

If you're a man who appreciates beautiful girls, then a subscription to *Mayfair* is a must. Imagine a full year of marvellous *Mayfair* maids delivered to your door – 12 issues, including the packed bumper Christmas edition. Each issue is crammed with our fabulous girls, fascinating features and fantastic fiction, and you will receive your copy before the magazine is on sale at the bookstalls. And what price a year's pleasure? Only £15, which means that we pay the post and packing costs. And remember each copy of *Mayfair* will arrive in a plain brown envelope, safe from other eyes. So don't delay, send off now!

We offer a great deal to foreign subscribers, too. Look at these prices – all well below bookstall levels. AUSTRIA 500 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1500 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 80 FL/ FRANCE 250 FR/ SPAIN 3500 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 60 S FR/ NORTH AMERICA US $25. Payment from abroad in Sterling Eurocheques or local currency notes.

To: Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me 12 issues of Mayfair starting with Vol.....No.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

I enclose cheque/PO made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/ American Express account:

My card no is .....Signature .....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS M208

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper, stating all relevant information.

Oh no. It's a Holiday Wally!

continued from page 80

wrong, as regular skiers will know, with black flags signifying a Black Run, the toughest and most hazardous route there is. So there was David, hurtling down a run which taxes the best professionals, with just a few hours experience behind him. He admits he found it a trifle on the tricky side, but he was convinced his group was still just ahead of him, and the instructor must know what he was doing. The instructor did know what he was doing, for at the bottom of that nursery slope he'd taken David's class off to one side and back to the start. David was the one who'd no idea of what he was doing.

'I would go over these jumps and thump into the snow, and then sit there fearing for my life while all these experts went flying through the air about six feet above my head, doing somersaults and everything. I remember thinking: "They've picked it up quickly". I'd come off at the top of a slope, go head over heels for sixty yards to the bottom, and then like an idiot climb all the way back for my bloody bobble-hat.'

David took all day to get down that run, and it was just getting dark when he finally spotted a building through the trees, emerging from the undergrowth a bedraggled figure to see a group of skiers sitting around drinking cocktails, and staring at him as if it was the Abominable Snowman.

Though he laughs at it himself now, David knows he was lucky not to have broken a leg at the very least. But Wallies seem to bumble along miraculously unscathed, wherever they go – and they seem to be everywhere. This year I'd like to try a walking holiday in Greece, in the deserted Pindus Mountains in the north-west, close to the Albanian border. I can see it now ... camped out near an isolated shepherd's hut admiring the silent beauty of the early evening as the last golden rays of the setting sun disappear behind a distant peak. And then, round the corner, wearing a knotted handkerchief and baggy shorts, comes a Holiday Wally. So if later this year you see the headlines: BRITISH TOURIST STRANGLED WITH OWN SOCKS IN GREEK MOUNTAINS, you'll know the reason why.

The very best answer I know of to silence a Wally car passenger is to bomb along coastal roads as near to the edge as you can

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

When a girl fancies a man the signs may be obvious, or so subtle that they go unnoticed. Continuing our investigation into attraction, Quest reports this month on touch as a sexual give-away

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

HAIRDRESSER, blonde, 22 years old, town of origin Plymouth

This interviewee left school at 16, and is now a senior stylist at a hairdressing salon. She shares a flat with an older girl.

Quest: Do you think men are generally aware when a girl fancies them?

Hairdresser: No I don't! Most men are really thick about things like that.

Quest: You sound as if you're speaking from bitter experience.

Hairdresser: Some of it was bitter, yes. Especially with Toby.

Quest: Was Toby a boyfriend?

Hairdresser: *Was* is the operative word. No, I'm not really bitter about him. We had some lovely times together. But he was so naive about women. They could just twist him round their little fingers. I watched it happening.

Quest: Are you sure all these women were after him?

Hairdresser: I might not be the brightest person in the world, but I know about *that*. I only just stopped a supposedly good friend of mine from dropping her knickers for him. It was all *so* obvious.

Quest: In what way?

Hairdresser: I could see it when he was just talking to her – with other girls too.

Quest: See what exactly?

Hairdresser: I could see them touching him. I don't mean plunging their hands down his trousers or anything obvious like that! But just finding some excuse to brush up against him, and then show that they liked it. I've got an eye for things like that. They might only be small but as far as I'm concerned they're an absolute clincher.

Quest: You mean you've used them?

Hairdresser: Course I have! I used them on Toby. God, I really had to push him!

Quest: How did you meet?

Hairdresser: I cut his hair when he came into the salon. I thought he was gorgeous. Very shy, with these horrible glasses, and dreadful clothes, and I think he must have cut his hair himself. It was lovely, and thick but he'd really messed it about. And we just got talking. He was very quiet but very nice, really polite.

Quest: Did you want to touch him then?

Hairdresser: It's funny. Running your

fingers through a strange fellow's hair is quite an intimate thing to do. But ninety nine times out of a hundred it's just a job to me, no matter how gorgeous the guy. But with Toby I got a definite lift. I didn't grope him or anything but I was very soft with him.

Quest: Did it have any effect?

Hairdresser: He got an erection! Seriously! I didn't actually see it, but he told me it was true when I got to know him. I was bending over him, cutting his fringe, and leaning a bit closer than I really had to. We were talking quite normally, and he suddenly went bright pink. Then, when I went to pull the gown off him he nearly jumped out the chair, and insisted on rubbing his neck with a towel for ages.

Quest: Did that upset you?

Hairdresser: No, I thought it was really nice! I think it upset him, though. I really thought he might ask me out, but he didn't. Then a couple of days later I saw him in a local pub after work. He was with these really boring-looking men, student-types, all spots, and glasses. So I went over, and said hello. They nearly fell over! But when they left he came over to my group, and asked me out to a concert. I thought it would be someone like Wham! It turned out to be Beethoven! That's how we started going out.

Quest: When did you first have sex?

Hairdresser: Not for ages! I knew he fancied me so I wondered if he thought I was beneath him or something – he *was* on vacation from university. I even had to kiss *him* the first time.

Quest: So what did you do?

Hairdresser: I took the bull by the horn – literally. I thought I was quite brave actually. Normally I'm very chary about taking the initiative. We were supposed to be going out for a drink, and he was picking me up at the flat. It was a night I knew my flatmate would be staying over with her boyfriend. When Toby arrived I made sure I hadn't got changed yet. I just had my bra, and pants on under my dressing gown, and I gave him a big sloppy kiss, and a hug. Then I told him to pour us both a drink of wine while I finished getting ready.

Quest: Go on.

Hairdresser: I went into my bedroom, took off my dressing gown, and sat down at my dressing table with my back to the door. The table only has a small mirror I use to make up but there's a mirror in the wardrobe door next to it. Then I called out to Toby to bring in my wine please, and as he opened the door I reached behind my back, and took off my bra. In the wardrobe mirror, out of the corner of my eye, I could see his face drop, and he said, 'Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean –' I just said quickly. 'Oh don't be silly, Toby. I won't be a second. Just put the glass on the dressing table. I could see his little pink face struggling not to look in the mirror because my whole profile was there, though I pretended I was decent because I had my back to him.

Quest: I should add that your profile is quite impressive. What *is* your bust measurement exactly?

Hairdresser: I take a 36D. I always tend to end up with the boob-fanciers.

Quest: So you decided to turn your biggest guns on Toby?

Hairdresser: Yes! I pretended to pluck my eyebrows while Toby came up behind me very quietly. He put the glass down right at the very edge of the table then he just stood there.

Quest: What did you expect him to do?

Hairdresser: Well, it wouldn't have been a bad idea to have leapt on me, and ravished me across the dressing table. But he didn't. So I turned my head – my hands were still up to my eyebrows so he couldn't see my nipples – which were sticking up like organ stops! – even if he could see the rest of my

> "He looked flummoxed. Obviously no girl had ever touched him like that before. Does it feel nice, I asked"

boobs. I said, 'If you're going to stand there like a lemon it'd be nice if you gave me a lovely big kiss.'

Quest: How did he react?

Hairdresser: I saw him swallow – he was really red by now – then his eyes dropped right to my boobs, so I put my hands down, and half turned to let him see them properly, and I said very quietly. 'You can kiss them if you like.' I honestly thought he'd faint! I could hear him breathing. He whispered, 'They're so beautiful – you're so beautiful, Sharon' (name changed). And his hands came up towards me, and that's when I saw the lump in the front of his trousers, and I knew I'd done the right thing. He cupped my breasts in his hands so softly, and gently, sort of half lifting them, caressing them with his fingers, which I love, especially when he began stroking my nipples, which are super-sensitive. That was really gorgeous. The excitement had built up so much, just having him touch me anywhere would have got me going. But then he knelt down, and started kissing, and licking my breasts, and I was in seventh heaven. Sometimes I enjoy having my boobs stroked even more than the other thing. And then I did something really stupid.

Quest: What was that?

Hairdresser: I was afraid I was getting so worked up I'd finish before he even got started, and I really wanted Toby to have a nice time. So I did what nearly all my boyfriends have been mad about.

Quest: What was that?

Hairdresser: I first started doing it when I was at school, and I was still a virgin. I looked much older than I was, and I used to go out with fellows in their middle twenties. But I didn't want to screw them so I used to do them with my hand. Then one day a fellow I was out with wanted to put his thing between my boobs, which I thought was weird. But I let him, and he nearly went berserk. Then I started doing it with other boyfriends – whenever they looked as if they wouldn't take no for an answer.

Quest: Are you saying you allowed Toby to masturbate between your breasts?

Hairdresser: I made him stand up then I undid his trousers, and unzipped him, and I took his whatsit out of his pants. That was a surprise.

Quest: Who for?

Hairdresser: Me, for a start! He was *very* big. Somehow I didn't expect someone so quiet to be like that. He looked absolutely flummoxed too. Obviously a girl had never done anything like that to him before. His thingy jerked in my hand – it felt really hard, and warm – so I smiled up at him, and pulled him into my cleavage. Then I pushed my breasts together over him so that only his big, shiny round knob showed at the top. I said to him. 'Does that feel nice?', and I moved my chest gently up, and down his shaft. He was gasping, and groaning. 'Oh, Sharon, oh that's so beautiful, oh God –' which was lovely, but he still remembered to go on stroking my boobs, and playing with my nipples. And that's how we both got carried away, I think.

Quest: How do you mean?

Hairdresser: Well, I wanted us to make love properly the first time. But then – I can't remember the details – he seemed to lean into me so that one of his knees was pressing between my legs, right up against my crutch, and I was rubbing myself against him. All of a sudden I got that tingling in my pussy, and I knew I was going to come, and I desperately wanted us both to come together. So I dipped my head very quickly, stuck out my tongue, and drew it right across the top of his knob. And he groaned, and just burst in my face. Then my climax started, and I couldn't hold him any more. I remember his thing sort of jerked out of my cleavage, and I was watching it spurt and spurt. It was a dreadful mess afterwards, but an incredible turn-on at the time.

Quest: None of that seems very stupid, though.

Hairdresser: Yes, it was, because Toby wasn't very experienced at all. He had all these romantic ideas about girls. You know, good girls were shy, and demure, and not too forward about sex, so my boob trick automatically made me a bad girl. Not that it stopped him screwing me silly all summer. But I realised in the end that that was the only way he saw me, and that's why we broke up.

Quest: But he had his successes with your girlfriends too?

Hairdresser: Oh that was one in particular –

a girl I worked with so she knew all about Toby from me. She met him at a party we had in the flat, and she was all over him from the start. He just didn't seem to notice, until I realised they were missing. I found them in my bedroom. Joy had asked Toby to help her change because of some drink she'd spilled on her dress. He was unzipping her when I walked in. My own trick! It was incredible. I nearly killed them both. Toby couldn't see what the fuss was about. The only trouble was I believed him: but I doubt if he's that naive now – not after me!

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

CHARTERED SURVEYOR, 29 years old, town of origin Glasgow

This male interviewee has worked as a commercial estate agent since leaving school. He married at the age of 25, and has two small children.

Quest: Do you consider there is a totally sure way of knowing when a woman finds you attractive?

Surveyor: I don't think any man can be totally sure. It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind, isn't it? I remember all those pointers we used to look for in a girl when I was a teenager. You know, if she took your hand on a first date then you were bound to get a snog. Then there was drawing a circle with your finger in a girl's palm – that was supposed to make her mad for you. And if she did it to you it was tantamount to her saying, 'Do me! Now!'

Quest: All to do with touching?

Surveyor: Yes, because that was what you wanted to do to her, ultimately. If she touched you first then you were obviously onto a good thing. That was the theory. It never worked out for me – at least not properly.

Quest: Why not properly?

Surveyor: Well, it either worked for other people – or I was too thick to realise what was going on until too late!

Quest: Can you give an example?

Surveyor: Of somebody else? There was a friend of mine when I was about sixteen who lived near us. He was the oldest of three kids, and the family was quite well off. They had an au pair living in, a German girl, Gisela, I think her name was. She was about eighteen or nineteen, fairly ordinary facially, but very buxom, very jolly, and affectionate too, always romping around with the kids, lots of hugs, and kisses, having pillow fights, and wrestling with them on the carpet, and so on, which was OK if you were seven or eight but I thought was a bit odd when you got to sixteen, like my friend. I was into ogling nudes in magazines then, and trying to look up girl's skirts. Rolling about on a bedroom floor with a nineteen-year-old with a thirty-six inch bust – even if she didn't look like a Page Three bird – was a bit near the knuckle for me. But when I raised this point my friend told me, 'Oh Gisela fancies me like mad. She's only like that with the younger kids so no one'll notice when she touches me up. She loves it when she gives me the bonk. It really turns her on.' He also said that if she was in the right mood she let him sneak up to her room late at night, and watch while she got undressed – fully nude, too. My friend used to play with himself in his pyjama trousers while she did it, and she pretended not to notice, except for one New Year when she'd had a few sherries downstairs. My friend had actually taken his stiff cock out of his pyjamas, and Gisela had called him a 'naughty, disgusting boy', but then she wrapped her handkerchief round his knob, and pulled him until he came into her hand.

> "My secretary would button my coat, or adjust my collar – all harmless touching. But my fiancee wasn't fooled"

She obviously did paw him about a lot, so it could just be true.

Quest: Did you verify it?

Surveyor: We tried, unfortunately! I was there late one night when my chum's parents were out. My friend persuaded me to creep up into her room, and hide in the built-in wardrobe so we could watch her strip. He even told me he'd warned her in advance so she'd put on an extra special show for us.

Quest: Did she?

Surveyor: Oh she turned up alright. And got down to her bra, and pants which had a predictable effect on us. Then she suddenly whipped open the wardrobe doors to find two gaping lads, cocks in hand. I think I half expected her to leap on us, and give us both a quick gobble at least. In fact she practically screamed the place down. I didn't have the courage to go back there until she'd gone home to Germany! It's odd that that idea of touching being a giveaway always stuck in my mind afterwards, because when I should have applied it it never occurred to me.

Quest: Tell me about that.

Surveyor: It involved a woman called Maggie who was a secretary I shared just before I got married. Maggie was in her late thirties, very well preserved, smart as well as glamorous, married. I always used to joke that if she was ten years younger, and single we'd have been in bed five minutes after we first met.

Quest: Seriously?

Surveyor: No! Not for me, anyway. I was engaged, I was also stricken with lust for one of the partner's secretaries. Maggie was just a good chum – I always thought she mothered me. It was a joke we had. She'd button up my overcoat for me, turn down my collar – touching me all the time – but it was totally harmless as far as I was concerned, because we joked about it. My fiancee wasn't fooled though. The first time she saw Maggie in the office she told me, 'That woman's after you.' I thought she was being paranoid. Then at the firm's summer do it all happened.

Quest: What exactly?

Surveyor: It was in a restaurant below our office which the firm hired for an evening. I'd just had a blazing row with my fiancee, so I went on my own – this was just before the wedding. So I thought, 'Fine, I'll jump on the partner's secretary I fancy – just to show her.' After the dinner there was dancing. I finally got together with this girl, and was trying hard to persuade her to retire upstairs when her boyfriend turned up out the blue. Exit moi for several strong whiskies. Maggie was there with her husband, a fairly non-descript fellow she hardly ever mentioned. Maggie, and I got talking in the sort of heart to heart I thought I needed. Then I realised I'd really drunk too much, and I told her I was going up to my office to lie down for a while. It definitely *wasn't* a veiled invitation. Twenty minutes later I'm slumped behind my desk in an empty building, watching the sun go down, when I hear high heels, the door opens, and Maggie comes in, saying she was worried about me, and wondered if I needed an aspirin or something. I was quite touched!

Quest: But not sexually aroused?

Surveyor: We were *joking* – at least I was – about being discovered up here, and I was wondering how many secretaries had been ravished across my desk. Maggie was offering a few names. But I was still pining after the partner's secretary. I said I could do with a glass of water, and Maggie fetched one for me from the kitchen. She put it next to me on the desk. I was leaning back on two of the chair legs, and as I reached for the glass the legs slipped. The water went straight into my lap. The next thing I knew Maggie had snatched up a handkerchief, and was dabbing me down.

Quest: In your lap?

Surveyor: Right along the line of my fly. She was crouched down next to my chair, rubbing pretty vigorously. I was still fairly drunk, and the idea tickled me. I said something like, 'Slow down or you'll get more than you bargained for.' She said, 'Oh, I've seen enough of those in my time, I don't think yours'll frighten me.' She looked up at me as she said it, and it all seemed to come together. I was suddenly aware of her perfume, of how close she was, of this very tight black dress she was wearing which showed off a really lovely round bum – I already knew she had nice legs. And also this very deep neckline in front. I could see the edges of two very round, solid-looking breasts. As all this occurred to me I felt my loins twitch.

Quest: Did Maggie notice?

Surveyor: Oh yes! I saw it in her eyes. She went, 'Oh,' and slowed down, but she didn't move her hand, and I felt my cock go up like a jack-in-the-box. She said, very warily, 'I didn't know I had that effect on you.' And normally she hadn't – though on a physical level I didn't see why. Then suddenly I remembered what my fiancee had said about Maggie being after me. And I just let it happen.

Quest: You had sex?

Surveyor: I reached down, and pulled her up, standing with me, and kissed her. With a very enthusiastic response – boobs squeezing against my chest, crutch grinding into mine. She was all shiny-eyed, and gasping when we came up for air – which was all very flattering because I was still quite pissed, and I'd hardly gone over the top myself. Then I started kissing her neck, and shoulder, and trying to pull down the zip of her dress.

Quest: Did you expect to have intercourse?

Surveyor: I expected to go as far as I could. But then I had trouble with the dress zip, and she pushed me away, and said she'd do it herself. I only realised as she pulled the dress down to her waist that she wasn't wearing a bra. And her breasts were superb – loose but very deep, very fully rounded – I'd seen worse on girls in their teens. One look, and I couldn't keep my hands off. I started fondling them, and kissing them, squeezing her tiny pink nipples between my fingers. Meanwhile her hands were all over my bum, and pushing down to rub my erection, so I knew I was onto a good thing. But she made the final move.

Quest: How?

Surveyor: She said, 'Come on, we haven't got much time.' She disentangled herself, turned round, and smoothed off her dress, then immediately slipped down her knickers, and tights. I just stood there gaping at this lovely pale bum, and a thick, black pubic bush, until she told me to get a move on. I peeled off my shoes, trousers, and pants, and started on my shirt but she told me not to bother. We ended up doing it on the edge of my desk. Maggie sat on the blotter with her knees up, and I stood facing her, leaning between her thighs while she guided my cock into her pussy. Luckily I'm tall enough to make that comfortable. But I had the distinct feeling she'd gone through this little exercise before. She was certainly hot as hell inside, very wet, and she went quite crazy as I started humping her. Plenty of, 'Fuck me, fuck me's . . . Oh push, push! . . . Do it, do it!'

Quest: Did she climax?

Surveyor: She gave a very good impression, if she didn't. She suddenly went very still, and clutched me very tightly, gasping, and that's when I let fly. I really felt my spunk was being sucked out of me.

Quest: Did you have sex again?

Surveyor: Hardly, because about thirty seconds after the big moment we heard footsteps in the corridor, and Maggie's husband calling, 'Maggie, are you up here?' We nearly died. She was stark naked, and I still had my cock up her. We just stood there rigid with terror. And, thank God, Maggie's husband just gave up, and went away. But it was an appalling moment.

Quest: So the relationship didn't continue?

Surveyor: I think we took our lucky escape as an omen, and decided to put it all down to drink. But I've never forgotten what my wife said about touching. It certainly worked that time.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Peterborough

This interviewee studied science at university, and married at 24. She separated two years later. Now re-married she works freelance from home.

Quest: Would you call yourself a sexually aware person?

Programmer: I suppose I am aware when situations are sexual, or are likely to be – now at any rate.

Quest: Meaning you weren't previously?

Programmer: Oh no. I was very naive, until my mid-twenties at least.

Quest: How naive?

Programmer: I didn't know when I fancied someone. I know that sounds daft! But I didn't know enough about myself as a woman to realise what being really turned on meant. I thought attraction was more to do with the meeting of minds – you know, twin souls, and all that stuff. It isn't of course. It's simply wanting someone to *do* you, for want of a better word. And it doesn't matter if you don't get on or even if you hate each other. My first husband qualified on both those counts.

Quest: He showed you what being turned on meant?

Programmer: I'm grateful to him for that, at least.

Quest: How did he manage it?

Programmer: By being totally different from everyone I'd ever met. David was a post-graduate student tutoring at my university, very attractive, obviously more experienced than me, quite arrogant. I had a fairly sheltered upbringing, no real boyfriends until I got to university, and the ones there were the sort of specs, and fuzzy hair types, all as vague as I was – unthreatening in a sexual sense.

Quest: So you were a virgin when you met your David?

Programmer: Not technically. I'd been close to one boy in my second year, and we'd been to bed two or three times. He had trouble getting stiff, and when he did get his penis into me he'd come straightaway, so it all seemed a bit pointless, and we sort of gave it up. I assumed I just wasn't the sort who got men terribly excited.

Quest: But David changed your mind?

Programmer: Eventually yes. My tutor was ill one summer, and David took over for nearly a month. I dreaded his tutorials.

Quest: Why?

Programmer: Because he treated them as a chance to chat me up, and be generally outrageous. I thought he was making fun of me, which is why I was so surprised when he asked me out.

Quest: How did that happen?

Programmer: I met David at the labs one day, and he invited me to a party the head of the department was giving.

Quest: And you accepted?

Programmer: It was obviously quite a prestigious do – at least as far as an ordinary student was concerned. I *was* flattered that David thought I'd fit in.

Quest: Did you?

Programmer: I didn't have much chance! We were there less than an hour. Then David said he had some papers to mark, and he whisked me back to his flat. There weren't any papers, of course.

Quest: Did you expect him to make a pass?

Programmer: I was very nervous. I really didn't know how to cope with him. His flat was tiny – not much more than an attic bedsit. The sofa turned out to be the bed as well. We had coffee, then I said I ought to let him get on. He said, 'You mean you don't expect to stay?' I was flabbergasted. I said I'd done nothing to make him think I wanted that. He just laughed. 'You've done nothing else since I've known you,' he said. That absolutely floored me. I couldn't believe the way his mind worked.

Quest: How did he reach that conclusion?

Programmer: He said I was always touching him, which I denied hotly. Oh not obviously, he said, but in little telltale ways – like brushing him when I came in or touching his leg when I dropped my papers or a book during a tutorial. Or just then in the car – which was the sneakiest touch of all, because it was a tiny sports car where you were jammed thigh to thigh in the front whether you wanted to be or not. They were all signs, he said, of a powerful physical attraction, whether I was conscious of it or not.

Quest: Did you believe him?

Programmer: My first thought was, 'Rubbish!' But then I started wondering, and was immediately confused because David did disturb me, and I'd never let myself think it could be something as simple as sex. And that's when he pounced.

Quest: Pounced in what way?

Programmer: He took hold of me, and kissed me – very well actually, certainly better than anyone else had ever done. And then he made love to me.

Quest: And you simply stood there, and let him?

Programmer: No. I was shocked that he was doing it, and I was flattered, too, because he

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me ..... binder(s) at £6.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... Or debit my Access/American Express account.

Card No. .....

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Signature .....

Date M208

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send details on plain paper.

was physically very attractive. And, I suppose, I was glad – if I'm honest. All the other times I'd made love – all four of them! – there'd been endless discussions about doing it in the first place then, when we actually got started, my boyfriend was always asking if he was hurting me or if I wanted to stop. It was an incredible relief, in a way, not to have that responsibility any more. David was simply going to have me, and it didn't matter what I thought, so I might as well lie back, and enjoy it. It wasn't quite like that, though. He was very direct, and firm, but whenever I hesitated or went to stop him he'd pause, and if I didn't do anything else then he'd just go on.

Quest: Doing what exactly?

Programmer: He kissed me again, making me open my mouth properly this time, and he stroked my breasts through my sweater. Then he pushed his fingers underneath, unclipped my bra – very expertly, I thought – pushed it off my breasts, and began caressing my bare flesh.

Quest: Did you enjoy that?

Programmer: Oh the whole thing was a kind of accelerating high. I was panting away like a mad thing. I'm sure I must have seemed like the easiest lay David had ever had, especially when he lifted my sweater off my breasts, grasped me by the waist, bent me back, and started kissing, and sucking my nipples. No one had ever done that to me – I mean, so blatantly, standing up, with the light on! And what was worse, or best, his crutch was pushed right into mine, and it was very obvious *he* didn't have any trouble getting very hard indeed!

Quest: Did you have intercourse then?

Programmer: I got to the point when I was terrified we wouldn't! His hands seemed to be all over, on my breasts, under my skirt, in my knickers too, I think, because I found them pulled down off my cheeks when I moved. Then all of a sudden he said, 'You don't mind if we do it on the floor, do you?'

Quest: Did you?

Programmer: It wasn't a question! I was just glad he turned out the main light, so there was only a small reading lamp on in the corner. I was stood there trembling until he came back. Then, very calmly, and quite gently, he took off my skirt, and my tights, and pulled down my knickers. I was shaking like a leaf. Not even my first boyfriend had seen me completely nude before because I hated the idea of being criticised. But David looked at me very openly, smiled, and said, 'You know you've got the most beautiful pussy hair I've ever seen.' Which wasn't a compliment I'd had often! But it certainly helped then. Then he undressed, and helped me down onto the carpet, and he climbed on top of me, and we had intercourse.

Quest: Successfully?

Programmer: I don't think! I had an orgasm, but I was so emotionally excited it didn't make much difference. Having him hump me quite fiercely and then let out this loud groan of obviously enormous pleasure as he shot off inside me was a big enough achievement for me. A massive improvement over 'Oh, sorry, I think I've finished'! I'd have preferred to see what he was like before he came into me – just for curiosity's sake – but I was much too shy for that then. I only remember him butting against my vaginal lips, and having this wave of panic at feeling how big he was, thinking, 'I'll never get him in!'

Quest: How did the relationship continue?

Programmer: In the same very sexual way. I was a willing learner, and he liked the idea of 'initiating' me, as he put it. The romantic then the marriage side sort of grew out of the sex. I'm still not sure if it wasn't all the sex anyway. Certainly once the sex started going wrong the marriage flopped.

Quest: Were you aware of that at the time?

Programmer: Not really. David finished his degree, and got a lecturing job, which he claimed was terribly demanding, so he couldn't be as frantic in bed as before, and I was always making the overtures. I just cringe when I think of it now.

Quest: Why?

Programmer: Because it wasn't the job exhausting him. It was the eighteen-year-old students he was screwing at work! And ironically I found out by that old touching trick – because I'd never really believed him when he said I was always finding an excuse to touch him. I don't think *I* had been. But one particular very pretty blonde student he asked to a party we had at home certainly was. She seemed to be all over him – leaning against him as they talked, clutching his arm, even straightening his jacket collar. That made it absolutely clear to me.

Quest: Why?

Programmer: Because it's the sort of thing a wife does. I knew then she'd slept with him. And a week or so later I had proof.

Quest: How?

Programmer: I came home early, and saw her cycling down the street. She didn't see me. When I got in David was in the shower, obviously startled, and the sheets of our bed were rumpled. I was numbed more than angry. I didn't want a row, I just had this sudden urge to have him, to feel him inside me – I suppose to prove the other girl could never replace what I gave David. I undressed, and literally pulled him out of the shower, and into the bedroom. I could tell he didn't want to – mainly because the blonde had just drained him. But then he seemed to make a special effort – just to show he *hadn't* just had someone! It turned into a weird kind of wrestling match – a kind of sexual row. In fact as sex it was glorious. We went at each other like tigers. It didn't have anything to do with affection at all. In the end he literally flung me face down over the edge of the bed, opened my legs, and fucked me from behind. I'm sure he did it from behind so I wouldn't see how red, and sore his erection was. He made me come twice before he'd worked up enough steam to bring himself off. But the awful thing about it was that my face was buried in the sheets, and I could smell the other girl on them. And as David was humping me *that* was what made me have my first climax, knowing that he had fucked somebody else in the same spot moments before. That proved to me we had nothing between us except sex, and the marriage ended for me there. But at least it showed his touching tip was right!

Quest: Thank you for being so honest.

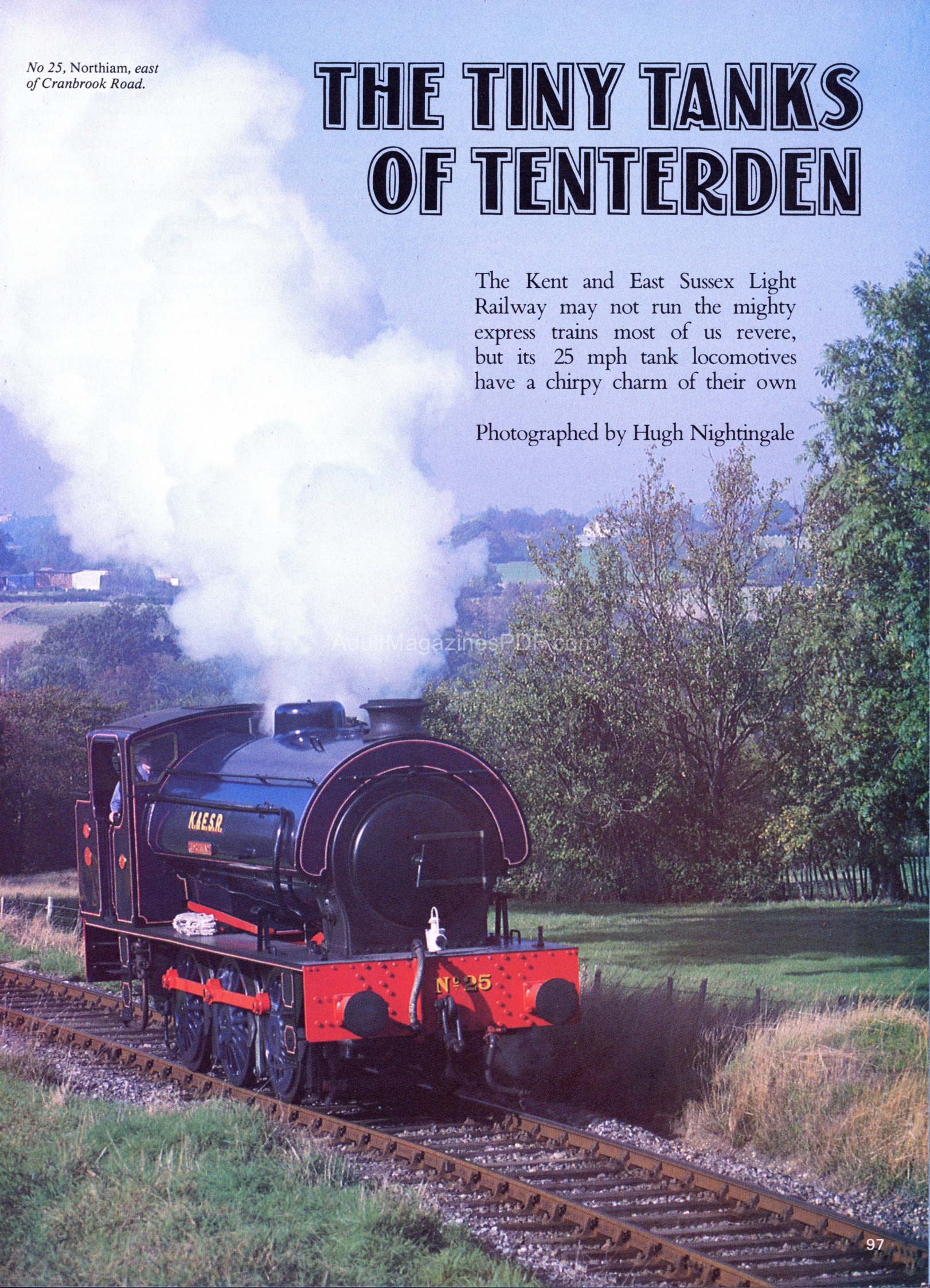
No 25, Northiam, *east of Cranbrook Road.*

THE TINY TANKS OF TENTERDEN

The Kent and East Sussex Light Railway may not run the mighty express trains most of us revere, but its 25 mph tank locomotives have a chirpy charm of their own

Photographed by Hugh Nightingale

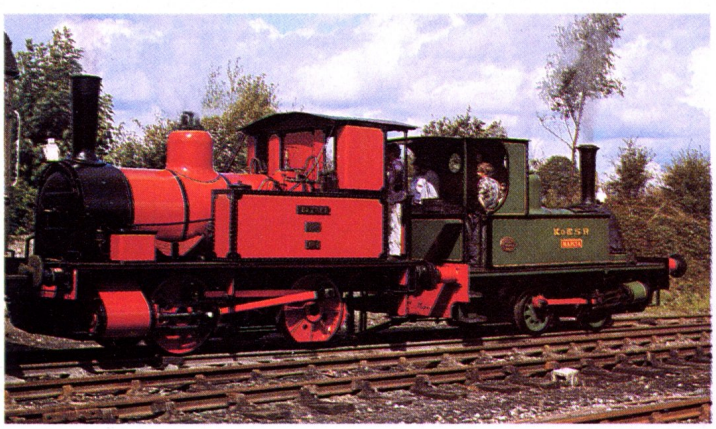
AdultMagazinesPDF.com

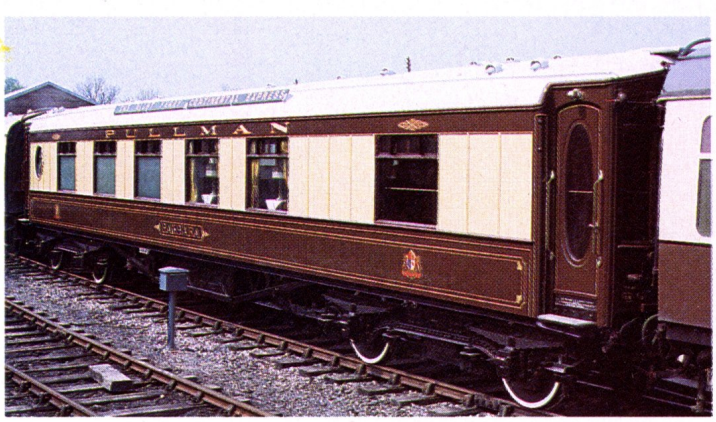


Last year marked the tenth anniversary of the re-opening of the Kent & East Sussex Railway. Now manned by volunteers, assisted by two full time staff, it regularly operates steam trains from its base in Tenterden in Kent. The line, originally engineered by Holman F Stephens, was the first to take advantage of the 1896 Light Railways Act, which enabled it to economise on construction costs, but subjected it to a maximum 25mph speed limit. It opened in 1900, and was originally called the Rother Valley Railway as it closely followed that river for much of its length, the initial 12 mile section running from Robertsbridge in East Sussex to Tenterden.

Tenterden station was, however, over a mile from the town centre, so the line was extended in 1903, and a new station, Tenterden Town, built on a site close to the High Street (13½ miles from Robertsbridge), the old terminus being renamed Rolvenden. The change of title to the Kent and East Sussex the following year preceded completion of eight miles of railway to Headcorn in 1905: various extentions were subsequently mooted, including a line to Maidstone, but they all failed to materialise.

The K&ESR had a long life for a light railway. Surprisingly it avoided being absorbed by the Southern Railway in 1923. Stephens, Managing Director since 1900, died in 1931, but despite insolvency in 1932, the railway survived, and remained independent until nationalisation in 1948 when it became part of British Railways. Regular passenger





Right: K&ESR No 10 Sutton *and 32670 (K&ESR No. 3,* Bodiam*) at work. Above: Pullman car* Barbara *at Tenterden Town. Above that, K&ESR No 12* Marcia *(right) with Bluebell Railway's* Baxter. *Above them, No 23* Holman F Stephens *at Cranbrook Road and, top left, steaming up Tenterden Bank. Top right: No 25* Northiam *at work.*

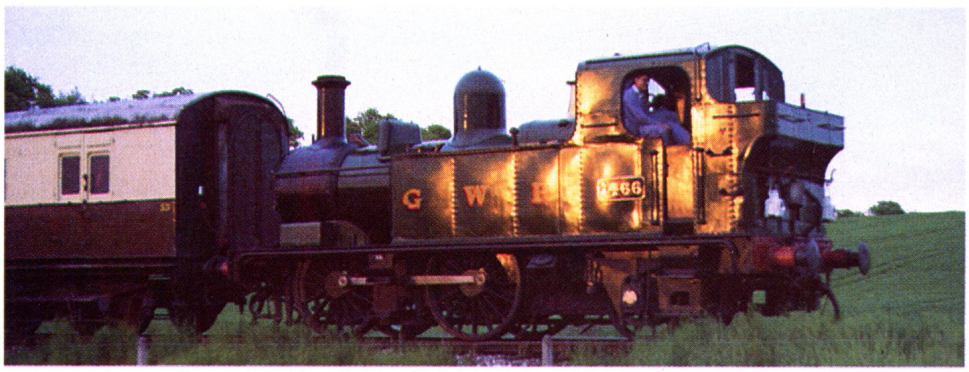
AdultMagazinesPDF.com

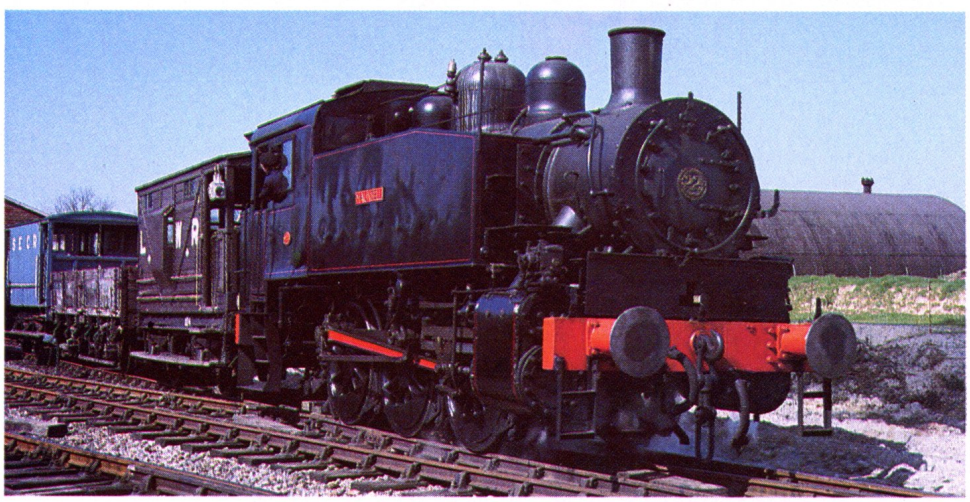
services were finally withdrawn on January 4, 1954, and the section north of Tenterden Town to Headcorn closed. Goods trains continued to operate from Robertsbridge until June 10, 1961, but, after a final excursion the next day, it was closed to all traffic.

However fans of the little railway refused to give in. A thirteen year struggle to re-open the line ensued which was ultimately successful but at a price. The three and a half miles from Robertsbridge to Bodiam have had to be abandoned, and of the remaining ten, even now only five miles is used by regular service trains. Much work remains to be done before the project is completed. Although assisted occasionally by the Manpower Services Commission, the burden of the workload, is borne by the 200 members who regularly give up weekends and holidays to run the railway.

All passenger workings now originate from Tenterden Town, and call at Rolvenden (one and a half miles away) and Wittersham Road (four miles) where the locomotive is uncoupled and run round. Most trains are then propelled a further one mile to Hexden Bridge before returning to Tenterden Town: the journey takes about an hour. Thousands enjoy the railway's new lease of life. Even on Britain's light railways it seems there are fans who never want to lose steam.

For further details of locomotives and rolling stock, write to: Tenterden Railway Company, *K&ESR, Tenterden Town Station, Tenterden, Kent, TN30 6HE.* New members, are always welcome.





Right: K&ESR No 3 Bodiam *which was built in 1872, and bought by K&ESR in 1901. Above: Ex-Great Western railcar No 20 at Wittersham Road. Above that, No 22* Maunsell *on shunting duty at Tenterden Town. Top left and centre: Still working at sunset, GWR 1466 pulling a passenger train. Top right: 0-6-0* Charwelton *pulls the popular* Wealden Pullman *up the 1-in-50 Tenterden Bank.* Charwelton *is one of the K&ESR's most powerful locos.*

PULLMAN

BRITISH RAILWAYS
OP
32670

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

During the course of a day's work in the office, a pretty young secretary noticed that her boss's trouser zip was undone. Being discreet, she whispered in his ear.
'Excuse me, sir, but I think you've left the garage doors open,' she said.
Her boss looked at her totally bewildered, then put it down to a temporary brainstorm on her part.
Later, enjoying a lunchtime gin and tonic with his colleagues, he turned to one and said, 'You'll never guess what Sandra said to me this morning. Something about my garage doors being open. She must be cracking up under the strain.' His colleagues laughed, then one pointed out what she meant.
'Oh Christ,' said the executive as he realised where the draught was coming from, and hastily adjusted his dress. Returning to work, now dressed decently, he decided to put on a brave face for his secretary.
'Hey, Sandra,' he said with a roguish grin. 'You remember this morning when the garage doors were open? Did you happen to see a powerful red Jaguar with a hard top inside?'
His secretary smiled.
'No, I didn't,' she said, 'but I couldn't help noticing a little pink Volkswagen with two flat tyres.'

An Englishman is someone who comes home from work in a German car, wearing a suit made in Sweden, a shirt from China and Spanish shoes. He brings home an Indian take-away, opens a bottle of Italian wine, and drinks it while watching the *Nine O'Clock News* on his Japanese television. Then he pops down to the pub for a pint of Danish lager, and says to the barman, 'This country is going to the dogs . . .'

Printing error seen on a temperance leaflet.
'Beer is the urination of man . . .'

How can you tell a level-headed Aussie?
He dribbles from both sides of his mouth at the same time.

The gleaming black Rolls Royce Silver Wraith was gliding down the motorway, conveying a Very Important Person to his country seat. At the wheel was a chauffeur, immaculately dressed in a light grey uniform. Well aware of his responsibility, he was holding back the elegant monster of a car to a steady 50 mph in the middle lane.
Suddenly to his astonishment in the rear view mirror he saw a bright yellow Austin Seven closing on them. The car, a 1928 model with a brash red devil mascot with five fingers to its nose, began to fill the mirror, and then pulled out to overtake the Rolls. Although, he was not a competitive man, the chauffeur thought this was a bit much.
'Damn thing should be in a museum,' he thought, and pushed his foot a little harder on the accelerator until the Silver Wraith touched 60. But still the little Austin kept up, and made to overtake.
The chauffeur, feeling quite put out, stepped up his speed to an illegal 80 mph to try and shake it off, but to no avail. The little yellow Seven came up along side the Rolls. The chauffeur knowing that he must not disturb his VIP passenger pretended not to notice, but saw out of the corner of his eye that the driver of the Seven was yelling at him. At 80 mph, the chauffeur was reluctant to take his eyes off the road, but the man looked frantic, so he glanced around.
'Please, you've got to help me,' screamed the Austin Seven driver. 'I've only just bought this thing. How do you get it out of third into top?'

A wildlife unit has just filmed the sad death of a Tasmanian firefly.
It was trying to screw a cigarette end.

Two embittered husbands were discussing marriage in their local.
'That's all women are interested in,' said one. 'They just want to get you up that aisle, at that altar, and only then do they think about you.'
'You're right,' replied the other man miserably. 'In fact they were my wife's very first words after we got married. "Aisle, altar, you."'

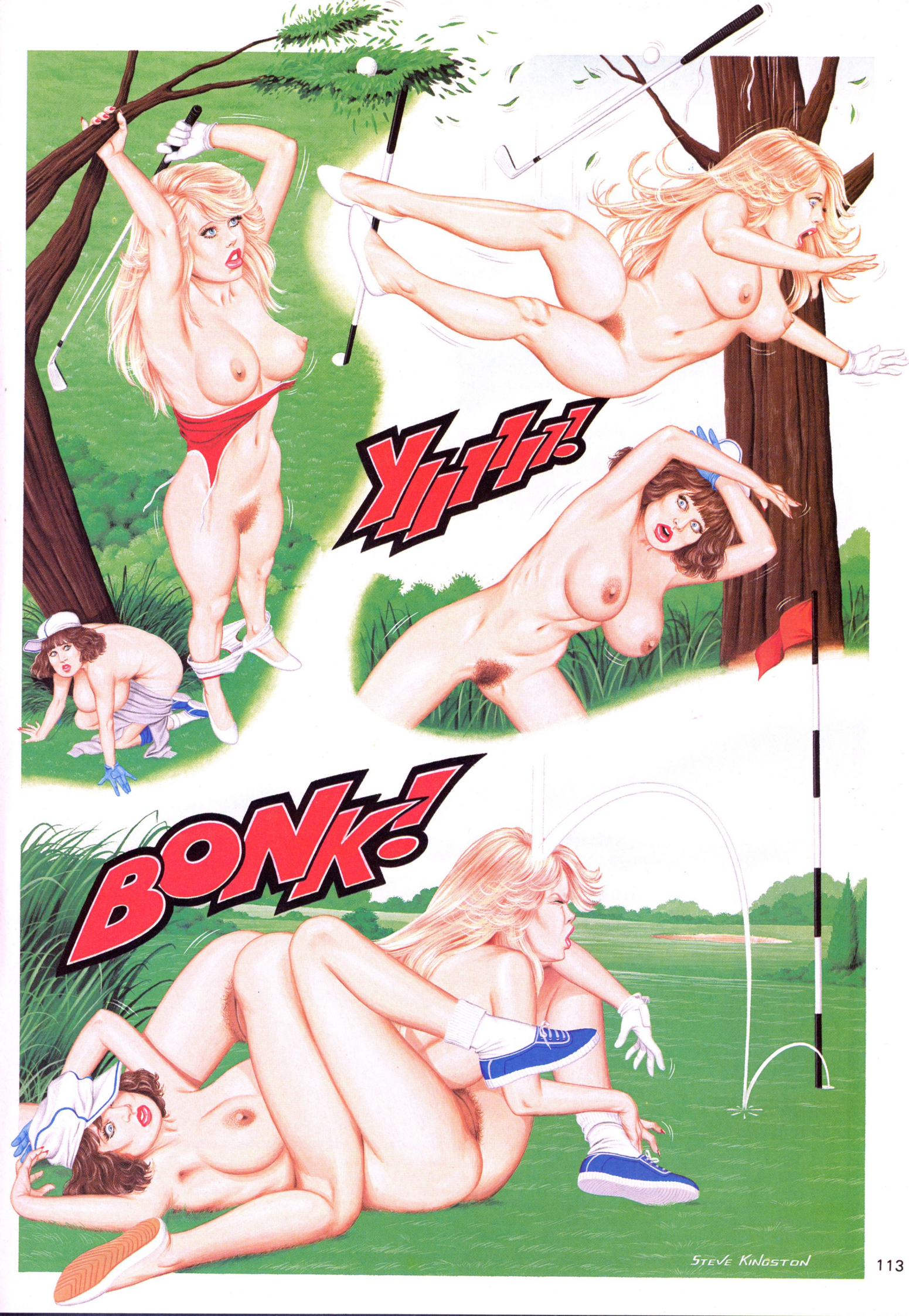
Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon were watching the October Parade in Red Square from their final resting place in heaven. Alexander couldn't take his eyes off the tanks.
'If I'd had chariots like that,' he said, 'I'd have conquered the whole of Asia.'
'And if I'd had arrows like that,' said Caesar admiring the missiles, 'I'd have conquered the world.'
'And if I'd have had newspapers like that,' said Napoleon pointing to a copy of *Pravda*. 'Nobody'd have found out about Waterloo.'

In matters penile and testicular
My mistress is very particular.
Her great predilection
Is for an erection
That keeps a precise perpendicular.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

CARRIE

There's a rough time ahead for our golfing birdie


YIIII!
BONK!
STEVE KINGSTON

It's our Satin Sensation

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer

Satin has an unmistakeable feel when worn against the skin, a rich smooth sensation which will make any woman think she is somebody special. Picture the lady in your life on those magical nights when she wears our sexy satin collection, modelled so seductively by Samantha Fox and Debbie Boyland. Specially selected with you in mind, our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards.

W) Sexy satin three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in pure white or provocative black (X). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).
Y) Seductive satin basque in white or black (Z). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty ..... 3-piece set in white (item W) at £13.95. Size .....
Qty ..... 3-piece set in black (item X) at £13.95. Size .....
Qty ..... Satin basque in white (item Y) at £25.95. Size .....
Qty ..... Satin basque in black (item Z) at £25.95. Size .....

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....SIGNATURE.....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

M208

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

Our seductive collection:

Special savings with Mayfair's exotic lingerie

It's late: time to retire for the night. Then, you feast your eyes upon your lady, sexy and sophisticated in our exotic lingerie: an alluring nightdress in satin-like material, and matching negligee in a delicate apricot colour, trimmed with lace. Previously sold as separate garments, we are now able to offer them as a set, saving nearly £4 on the individual prices. Or, for those playful nights treat her to our sheer nylon basque in red, also trimmed with lace, complete with matching tanga briefs. And any woman will feel more daringly sexy when she puts on our sheer glass nylon seamed black stockings.

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Please send me:

Qty ..... nightdress and matching negligee set(s), one size, (item NP) at £33.95

Qty ..... basque(s) with briefs (item R) (34", 36", 38" bust) at £24.95

Qty ..... nylon stockings in black (item S) (s, m, l) at £2.50

I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... SIGNATURE M208

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO)

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER, STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION